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SHAKESPEARE



OTHELLO



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OTHELLO

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PREFACE

HAVING to read Othello with Army boys here, I found no adequate edition with notes, and consequently had to prepare my own lessons with the aid of *Skeat* and *Abbott* for philology and grammar, whilst *Schmidt's* Lexicon was my concordance. I have also drawn upon *Gervinus*, *Dowden*, and *Fleay*; but the edition is not entirely a compilation.

I shall be glad to receive corrections from any who are mercifully disposed towards a *πρωτοτόκος*. I may add that I have expurgated freely.

E. K. P.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE,
January, 1883.

INTRODUCTION

"Perhaps the greatest work in the world."—*Macanlay*.

SHAKSPERE'S career as an author may be considered to lie between the years 1588 and 1612. If this period be bisected at the change of the centuries, and the two divisions subdivided almost equally, we shall have four stages: (1) that of very light Comedy (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*) rising to (2) that of English History, interspersed with comic scenes, and to this period belongs his lightest Tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*; then (3) that of more severe Tragedy (*Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*); while he calms down again into (4) that of Romances, ending in reconciliation and recovery, as the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*. In further support of some such arrangement, suggested by the subjects and *depth* of the plays, we have evidence

(a) *External*, such as allusions in diaries of contemporaries (as in the well-known case of *Twelfth Night*), or in their letters or books, or again in the registration of the titles of plays with the Stationers' Company, this being the least valuable, as he might have registered either before he wrote the play, or some time after;

(b) *Partly external and partly internal*, references to contemporary events, quotations from, or by, contem-

porary authors, the date of whose works happens to be known, so that we can prove the one by the other ;

(c) *Internal* (1) diction, simple at first, then more elaborate and complicated, thought following thought in such quick succession as to block the sentences ;

(2) *Metre*, the gradual disappearance of rhyme ;

(3) *Freedom* gradually increasing as to lines unstopped at the end, and in the use of light endings (auxiliary verbs, pronouns, &c.) and weak endings (prepositions and conjunctions connected with the following line) ;

(4) The habit of punning is dropped.

In applying these tests to *Othello* we find

(a) A suspicious entry in the "account of the Revels at Court" to the effect that a play called the *Moor of Venis* "was performed on Kallamas Day being the first of November at the bankettinge house att Whitehall" [1604]. Though seen by the Duke of Wurtemberg at the Globe in 1610, and acted before the king in 1613, it was not registered till 1621, nor printed till 1622.

(b) The misleading passage—

"Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts" (iii. 4, 47),

which some have wrongly taken as a reference to the arms of Baronets (instituted 1611); also possible allusions to Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana, 1600, and to Holland's *Translation of Pliny*, 1601, in the simile of the Pontic sea. (iii. 3, 453.)

(c) The proportion of rhymes to the whole play, 86 to 2672, is very nearly the same as in *Hamlet* and *Lear*; while the fact that there are only 2 "light" and no "weak" endings precludes us from ranking this play with those of the fourth period, in which such endings abound, the former amounting to 42 and 78 in *Tempest* and *Cymbeline* respectively, the latter to 25 and 42. Again the plays of this last group end in "reconciliation

and peace" (*Stokes*) ; and herein alone we have sufficient reason for rejecting the heraldry argument, as to which may be ventured a guess that the allusion contained in this passage was merely an allusion to the arms of the wife being united to those of the husband—*heraldry* is used by Shakspeare as equal to union (of colours, *Lucr.*)—or possibly an after-thought of the author's on the reproduction of the play in 1613.

The play then belongs to the third period, and its probable date is 1604. For the beginner to learn the principles by which the order of the plays can be approximately fixed, is more important than for him to learn by a mere effort of memory a particular date.

The basis of his plot the poet found in an Italian novel contained in the *Hecatommitti* (*Hundred Tales*) of Geraldo Cinthio (edition 1565), which was done into French in 1584. Upon this novel Shakspeare felt himself free to improve.* (In the case of historical facts, as in *Julius Cæsar*, it is well observed by Gervinus, that he gives proof of his art in restraining his fancy, and closely following his authority.)

It has been urged, as an objection against the perfection of the plot, that Shakspeare has made the punishment of the daughter's elopement far heavier than justice demands, or at least than nineteenth century justice would demand. "We stumble at the heavy punishment of the lovers." Herein we may be wrong, and Shakspeare (always "free from the prejudices of his age") may be right. Parental checks upon children's freedom as to marriage may cause misery in some cases ; the wilfulness of the child causes misery in many more. "Men who disturb the peace of a family are little calculated to maintain peace in their own." On the other side, deceit once practised may be tried again ; there would always be fear that

* e.g. Act i. 3, 230 note.

passion once uncontrolled might never be absolutely in certain subjection. The result is misery for every one concerned.

The poet has to bring before us, as brought by jealousy to destroy the objects of his love, not a drunkard in a fit of mad frenzy, but a man who excites so much interest in our minds that even after the murder we feel pity for him ; a man who since his "arms had seven years' pith" had been trained in the "tented field ;" a man for whom

"The tyrant custom
Had made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness ;"

a man who had acquired such a balance of conduct that he could speak as he does in act i. scene 3, 260 *sq.* Yet in the particular point on which he prides himself in this passage we find him not entirely consistent. On meeting Desdemona at Cyprus (ii. 1, 190 *sq.*) he is losing his balance.

"Not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate ;"

and—

"Oh, my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts."

An unexpected shock might upset his equilibrium entirely, and then

"All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven."

He is credulous, even to believing in enchantments and mummies conserved of maiden's hearts, and his "southern fancy" had seen *cannibals and anthropophagi*.

"And men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Place this "simple and magnificent" nature in the way

of an Iago, stung by a grievance or two, and the result begins to be foreseen even by the least experienced in tragedy. First mark Iago's double character, which, having fully persuaded himself of his own honesty, he forgets to keep within bounds,

To Othello—

“Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

But to Cassio—

“As I am an honest man I thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition,” &c.

And that his audience may the earlier understand his baseness, the curtain rises on his incapacity to admire fidelity—

“Whip me, such honest knaves.”

While those that

“Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves . . .
Do themselves homage.”

But he is worse than the man who ingratiates himself with both sides by his double face ; worse than the man who is actuated by the desire to strike at the backs of those who pass by him on fortune's road. He is “devoid of all faith in beauty and in virtue,” and is so far like him who accuseth our brethren day and night that Othello may well

“Look down towards his feet.”

“Virtue is a fig.” “Didst thou not see her paddle

with the palm of his hand?" And this from a man of eight and twenty !* But it is, as Gervinus points out, in the first scene of act v. that he outdoes himself ; he sees his way to "killing two birds with one stone ; he excites Roderigo against Cassio ; he sees Roderigo fall ; he hears that Cassio's coat is proof against a thrust, and gives him a wound in the leg ; immediately afterwards he reappears in his shirt, and stabs the hitherto only wounded Roderigo, reflecting that if repentant he might confess everything." This readiness of device bewilders us ; we do not grasp it at the first reading.

Desdemona's charms are sung not once nor twice in the play. She is conquered by the unlikeness of the Moor to the supersubtle Venetians and to herself, and every male reader must envy the Moor his listener, who

"Would come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up his discourse."

But she helps on the course of the tragedy by ill-timed advocacy of Cassio (iii. 4, 90 *sq.*), and indiscreet, yet perfectly innocent, acts and words. (iv. 1, 244 and 2, 70.) Her match is fatal to her father, who yet is spared the last sight which would make him curse his better angel from his side. (v. 2, 204.)

Emilia is by no means a walking lady. She is thoughtless, and even worse, about the handkerchief ; but at the close she helps considerably to enlighten the Moor, and by her own death she expiates her fault.

Roderigo is less deceived by Iago than is Othello. He comes back dissatisfied and distrustful again and again.

Contrast Iago with Othello. Iago lives a life from which every notion of the good and pure is banished. Iago suspects his wife, and lives on with "intensified malignity." Othello suffers agony in thinking ill of Desdemona, and

* Act i. 3, 313 note.

passes to the deed with the feelings of a "chastising judge," not an avenging husband. And his death, and that of Desdemona, are both intended to "atone to the manes of the broken-hearted father." But he "dies upon a kiss," and sees his dead wife's purity. Iago, "honest Iago's," life is for ever undone when he is unmasked in the last scene. Desdemona, *splendide mendax*, "commits the most beautiful act of forgiveness" with her dying breath.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator ; father to Desdemona.

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello.

IAGO, ancient to Othello.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of
Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a courtesan.

SCENE : *For the First Act, in Venice ; during the rest of
the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.*

OTHELLO

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

ROD. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,—

IAGO. 'Sblood; but you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

ROD. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of
the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped to him: and, by the faith of man, 10
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators. For, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-leed and calmed 30
By debtor and creditor : this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God bless the mark ! his Moor-ship's ancient.

ROD. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO. Why, there's no remedy ; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

ROD. I would not follow him then. 40

IAGO. Oh, sir, content you ;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender ; and when he's old, cashiered :
Whip me such honest knaves ! Others there are 50
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage : These fellows have some soul ;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
In following him I follow but myself ;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end : 60
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

ROD. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry it thus !

IAGO. Call up her father,
Rouse him:—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

ROD. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

ROD. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

IAGO. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags: 80
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above*.

BRA. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

ROD. Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO. Are your doors locked?

BRA. Why, wherefore ask you this?

IAGO. Sir, you are robbed; for shame put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now,—

Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell: 90
Arise, I say.

BRA. What! have you lost your wits?

ROD. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRA. Not I; what are you?

ROD. My name is Roderigo.

BRA. The worser welcome:

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness
(Being full of supper and distempering draughts),
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100
To start my quiet.

ROD. Sir, sir, sir,—

BRA. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

ROD. Patience, good sir.

BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice:
My house is not a grange.

ROD. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service, you think we are ruffians.

BRA. What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter
and the Moor are——

BRA. Thou art a villain.

IAGO. You are—a senator.

BRA. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo. 120

ROD. Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent
(As partly I find it is), that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me 130
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
For thus deluding you.

BRA. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper; call up all my people:
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already:
Light, I say! light! *[Exit from above.]*

IAGO. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor; for, I do know, the state
(However this may gall him with some check)
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embarked 150
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars
(Which even now stand in act), that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,—
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit. 160

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

BRA. It is too true an evil: gone she is!
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—Oh, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!—
How didst thou know't was she?—Oh, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

ROD. Truly, I think they are.

BRA. Oh heaven!—How got she out?—Oh treason of
the blood!— 170

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

ROD. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

BRA. Call up my brother.—Oh, would you had had
her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

ROD. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me. 180

BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another street.**Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.*

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
 To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
 Sometime to do me service: Nine or ten times
 I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

OTH. 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honour,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
 Are you fast married? Be assured of this, 10
 That the magnifico is much beloved,
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
 As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
 Will give him cable.

OTH. Let him do his spite:
 My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 20
 I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reached: For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends:
 You were best go in.

OTH. Not I; I must be found: 30
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.

OTH. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?

CAS. The duke does greet you, general:
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you?

CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The galleys 40
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

OTH. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit.

CAS. Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carack: 50
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

CAS. I do not understand.

IAGO. He's married.

CAS. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

OTH. Ha' with you.

CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO. It is Brabantio:—general, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches.

OTH. Holla! stand there!

ROD. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRA. Down with him, thief! [They draw on both sides.

IAGO. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

OTH. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years 60
Than with your weapons.

BRA. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my
daughter?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
 If she in chains of magic were not bound,
 Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
 So opposite to marriage that she shunned
 The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70
 Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
 Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
 That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,—
 Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
 That waken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
 Lay hold upon him; if he do resist, 80
 Subdue him at his peril.

OTH. Hold your hands!
 Both you of my inclining and the rest:
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
 To answer this your charge?

BRA. To prison; till fit time
 Of law and course of direct session,
 Call thee to answer.

OTH. What if I do obey?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state, 90
 To bring me to him?

OFF. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
 The duke's in council; and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

BRA. How? the duke in council
 In this time of the night?—Bring him away:
 Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Council Chamber.**The DUKE, and Senators, sitting; Officers attending.*

DUKE. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

FIRST SEN. Indeed, they are disproportioned :
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred-forty.

SEC. SEN. And mine two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :
I do not so secure me in the error, 10
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

SAILOR. [*Within.*] What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

OFF. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

DUKE. Now what's the business ?

SAILOR. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

DUKE. How say you by this change ?

FIRST SEN. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason ; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ; 20
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in :—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

DUKE. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

OFF. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the Isle of Rhodes;
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

FIRST SEN. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

MESS. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

DUKE. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

FIRST SEN. He's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us to him, post-post-haste des-
patch.

FIRST SEN. Here come Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Officers.*

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.— [To BRA.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior, 50
We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

BRA. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what's the matter?

BRA. My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

SEN. Dead?

BRA. Ay, to me;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted 60
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly I thank your grace. 70
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

ALL. We are very sorry for 't.

DUKE. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[To OTHELLO.]

BRA. Nothing, but this is so.

OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending 80
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver 90
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter.

BRA. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself: and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err 100
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

FIRST SEN. But, Othello, speak: 110
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTH. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120

OTH. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.

[*Exeunt* IAGO and Attendants.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes, 130
That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing, 150
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange 160
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:—
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man:—she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;—
Here comes the lady, let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

DES. My noble father, 180
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;—

I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

BRA. God be with you !—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;— 190
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself : and lay a sentence,
Which as a grise, or step, may help these lovers 200
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief ;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

BRA. So, let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile, 210
We lose it not so long as we can smile.—
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears :
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.—

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state. 220

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is
best known to you ; and though we have there a substi-
tute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you ;
you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of

your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave senators, 230
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife :
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. If you please, 240
Be't at her father's.

BRA. I'll not have it so.

OTH. Nor I.

DES. Nor I : I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona ?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and scorn of fortunes 250
May trumpet to the world : my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord :
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence : Let me go with him. 260

OTH. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good souls—that you think

I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me : No, when light-winged toys
 Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dulness 270
 My speculative and officed instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation.

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going ; the affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer it.

SEN. You must away to-night.

OTH. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again. 280
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you,
 With such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

OTH. So please your grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust :
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so.
 Good night to every one.— And, noble signior, [To BRA.
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

FIRST SEN. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

BRA. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see ;
 She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.]

OTH. My life upon her faith ! Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
 I prithee let thy wife attend on her ;
 And bring them after in the best advantage.—
 Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matter and direction, 300
 To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

ROD. Iago,—

IAGO. What sayest thou, noble heart ?

ROD. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

IAGO. Why, go to bed and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO. If thou dost I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

ROD. It is silliness to live when to live is torment;
and then have we a prescription to die when death is our
physician. 311

IAGO. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for
four times seven years; and since I could distinguish
betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would
drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would
change my humanity with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to
be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it. 321

IAGO. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our
wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or
sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it
with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either
to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry;
why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our
wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of
reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and base-
ness of our natures would conduct us to most preposter-
ous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging
motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I
take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

ROD. It cannot be. 338

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown
cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend,
and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of
perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee
than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the
wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say,
put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona
should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money
in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent com-
mencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable
sequestration:—put but money in thy purse.—These
Moors are changeable in their wills; fill thy purse with
money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She

must change for youth: she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. Drown thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 370

IAGO. Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If thou canst, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu. 380

ROD. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

IAGO. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO. Go to; farewell! Do you hear, Roderigo?

ROD. What say you?

IAGO. No more of drowning, do you hear?

ROD. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.

IAGO. Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane, 390
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let's see:— 400

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife :
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected ; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have 't ; it is engendered :—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport Town in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.*

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

MON. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

FIRST GENT. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood :
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

MON. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of this ?

SEC. GENT. A segregation of the Turkish fleet : 10
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

MON. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned ;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

THIRD GENT. News, lads ! our wars are done : 20
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks,

That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

MON. How! is this true?

THIRD GENT. The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa. Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore ; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

MON. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governor. 30

THIRD GENT. But this same Cassio,—though he speak
of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

MON. Pray heaven he be ;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside,—ho !
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

THIRD GENT. Come, let's do so ; 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

CAS. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! Oh, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

MON. Is he well shipped?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50
Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within.*] 'A sail, sail, a sail!'

Enter a Fourth Gentleman.

CAS. What noise?

FOURTH GENT. The town is empty ; on the brow o'
the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—'A sail!'

CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

GENT. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:—

[Guns heard.]

Our friends, at least.

CAS. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who't is that is arrived.

GENT. I shall. [Exit.]

MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived? 60

CAS. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.—

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

SEC. GENT. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

CAS. Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel,— 70
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

MON. What is she?

CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago:
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard!
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship, 80
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—Oh, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CAS. He is not yet arrived ; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here. 90

DES. Oh, but I fear,—How lost you company?

CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship : But hark ! a sail.

[*Cry within, 'A sail! a sail!' Then guns heard.*

SEC. GENT. They give their greeting to the citadel ;
This likewise is a friend.

CAS. See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome,—Welcome, mistress.—

[*To EMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners ; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.* 100

IAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

DES. Alas ! she has no speech.

IAGO. In faith, too much ;

I find it still when I have list to sleep :

Marry, before your ladyship I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

EMIL. You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on : you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens, 111
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

DES. Oh, fye upon thee, slanderer !

IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.

EMIL. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO. No, let me not.

DES. What wouldst thou write of me if thou shouldst
praise me ?

IAGO. Oh, gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing if not critical ! 120

DES. Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the
harbour ?

IAGO. Ay, madam.

DES. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

IAGO. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as bird-lime does from frieze,—
It plucks out brains and all : But my Muse labours,
And thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit : 130
The one's for use, the other useth it.

DES. Well praised ! How if she be black and witty ?

IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DES. Worse and worse.

EMIL. How, if fair and foolish ?

IAGO. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

DES. These are old fond paradoxes, to makes fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish ? 141

IAGO. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DES. Oh heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving
woman indeed ? one, that, in the authority of her merit,
did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

IAGO. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ; 150
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—Now I may ;
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind :
She was a wight, if ever such wights were,—

DES. To do what ? 160

IAGO. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

DES. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do
not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—
How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane and
liberal counsellor ?

CAS. He speaks home, madam ; you may relish him
more in the soldier than in the scholar.

IAGO. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : Ay, well
said, whisper : with as little a web as this will I ensnare

as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 'tis so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good ! well kissed ! an excellent courtesy ! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? [*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet. 180

CAS. 'Tis truly so.

DES. Let's meet him, and receive him.

CAS. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

OTH. Oh my fair warrior !

DES. My dear Othello !

OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. Oh my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death !
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low 190
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DES. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow !

OTH. Amen to that, sweet powers !—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy ;
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make ! 201

IAGO. Oh, you are well tuned now !
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

OTH. Come ; let us to the castle.—
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are drowned.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle ?—
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus ;
I have found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote 210

In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel :
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTH., DES., and Attend.]

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant (as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them), list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard :—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him. 221

ROD. With him ! why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies : And will she love him still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull, there should be, again to inflame it, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position), who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does ?—a knave very voluble ; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection ? why, none ; why, none : A slipper and subtle knave ; a finder of occasions ; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself : a devilish knave ! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after : a pestilent complete knave ; and the woman hath found him already.

ROD. I cannot believe that in her : she is full of most blessed condition. 254

IAGO. Blessed fig's end ! the wine she drinks is made of grapes : if she had been blessed, she would never have

loved the Moor : Blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ? 260

ROD. Yes, that I did ; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO. Lechery, by this hand ! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo ! But, sir, be you ruled by me : I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you : Cassio knows you not ;—I'll not be far from you : Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister. 277.

ROD. Well.

IAGO. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you ; Provoke him that he may ; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny ; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity. 289

ROD. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

ROD. Adieu.

[Exit.

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit :
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too ; 300
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin),
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat : the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards ;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife ;

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong 310
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused; 320
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.

HER. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love.—
[To DES.

Good night. [Exeunt OTH., DES., and Attend.

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Welcome, Iago : we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame. She is sport for Jove.

CAS. She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And I'll warrant her full of game. 20

CAS. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAGO. Well, come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CAS. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO. Oh, they are our friends! But one cup ; I'll drink for you. 39

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,—and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man ! 'tis a night of revels : the gallants desire it.

CAS. Where are they?

IAGO. Here at the door ; I pray you call them in.

CAS. I'll do it ; but it dislikes me. *[Exit.]*

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, 50
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep ; and he's to watch :
Three else of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups ; 60
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle :—But here they come :
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

CAS. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

MON. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I am
a soldier.

IAGO. Some wine, ho ! 70

And let me the canakin clink, clink, [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink ;

A soldier's a man ; oh, man's life's but a span ;
Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys ! [Wine brought in.

CAS. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

IAGO. I learned it in England, where indeed they are
most potent in potting : your Dane, your German, and
your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho !—are nothing to
your English. 81

CAS. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking ?

IAGO. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane
dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ;
he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can
be filled.

CAS. To the health of our general !

MON. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice. 90

IAGO. Oh, sweet England !

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho ! 100

CAS. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO. Will you hear it again ?

CAS. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place

that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all : and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

IAGO. It's true, good lieutenant.

CAS. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

IAGO. And so do I too, lieutenant. 110

CAS. Ay, but by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins ! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left ;—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough. 120

ALL. Excellent well.

CAS. Why, very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk. *[Exit.*

MON. To the platform, masters ; come, let's set the watch.

IAGO. You see this fellow that is gone before ;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction : and do but see his vice ;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other ; 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MON. But is he often thus ?

IAGO. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

MON. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ? 140

Enter RODERIGO.

IAGO. How now, Roderigo ? *[Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. *[Ex. ROD.*

MON. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity :

It were an honest action, to say so
To the Moor.

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ?
[*Cry without—Help ! Help !*]

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

CAS. You rogue ! you rascal !

MON. What's the matter, lieutenant ? 150

CAS. A knave teach me my duty !

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

ROD. Beat me !

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue ? [*Striking ROD.*]

MON. Nay, good lieutenant ;

I pray you, sir, hold your hand. [*Staying him.*]

CAS. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MON. Come, come, you're drunk.

CAS. Drunk ! [*They fight.*]

IAGO. Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny ?
[*Aside to ROD., who goes out.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen :—

Help, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir,—

Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed !

[*Bell rings.*]
Who's that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho ! 160

The town will rise : Fie, fie, lieutenant, hold !

You will be shamed for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

OTH. What is the matter here ?

MON. Zounds, I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.

OTH. Hold, for your lives !

IAGO. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for shame !

OTH. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that 170

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?

For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters ?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love I charge thee.

IAGO. I do not know :—friends all but now, even now.
In quarter, and in terms ; and then, but now 180
(As if some planet had unwitting men),
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it.

OTH. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

CAS. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

OTH. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ; 190
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure : What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

MON. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know : nor know I aught 200
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

OTH. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way : If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ; 210
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!—
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

MON. If, partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

IAGO. Touch me not so near: 220
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I returned the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before. When I came back
(For this was brief), I found them close together
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:— 240
But men are men: the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

OTH. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up! 250
I'll make thee an example.

DES. What is the matter, dear?

OTH. All's well now, sweeting;
Come away to bed.—Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[To MON., who is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CAS.*]

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery. 260

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he is yours. 277

CAS. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

IAGO. Is't possible? 289

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

CAS. It hath pleased the devil Drunkenness to give

place to the devil Wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 300

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. 312

IAGO. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CAS. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

IAGO. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 331

CAS. You advise me well.

IAGO. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

IAGO. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch. 340

CAS. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

IAGO. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Probal to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit : she's framed as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— 350
 His soul is so en fettered to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good?—Divinity of hell!—
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: For whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, 360
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo? 368

Enter RODERIGO.

ROD. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is
 almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well
 cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so
 much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at
 all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

IAGO. How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, 380
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio.
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
 Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,—

I'll set her on ;

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way !

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

CAS. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that's brief ; and bid good-morrow, general.

[*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

CLO. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

FIRST MUS. How, sir, how !

CLO. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments ?

FIRST MUS. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

CLO. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.—But, masters, here's
money for you ; and the general so likes your music,
that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise
with it.

FIRST MUS. Well, sir, we will not. 15

CLO. If you have any music that may not be heard,
to't again : but, as they say, to hear music the general
does not greatly care.

FIRST MUS. We have none such, sir.

CLO. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away :
Go ; vanish into air ; away ! [*Exeunt* Musicians. 21

CAS. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

CLO. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

CAS. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor
piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends
the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio
entreats her a little favour of speech : wilt thou do this ?

CLO. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall
seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.* 31-

CAS. Do, good my friend.

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

IAGO. You have not been a-bed, then?

CAS. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife : my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

IAGO. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit. 41]

CAS. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you ; but he protests he loves you
And needs no other suitor but his likings, 51
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

CAS. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

EMIL. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

CAS. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

OTH. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate :

That done,—I will be walking on the works,—
Repair there to me.

IAGO. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

OTH. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

GENT. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

DES. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMIL. Good madam, do; I warrant it grieves my
husband,
As if the cause were his.

DES. Oh, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CAS. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

DES. I know't,—I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assured 11
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

CAS. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

DES. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here 20
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his beard a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit; therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

EMIL. Madam, here comes my lord.

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

DES. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

CAS. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DES. Well; do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO.]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO at a distance.

IAGO. Ha! I like not that.

OTH. What dost thou say?

IAGO. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTH. I do believe 't was he.

DES. How now, my lord! 40

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTH. Who is 't you mean?

DES. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face: 50
I prithee call him back.

OTH. Went he hence now?

DES. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

DES. But shall't be shortly?

OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.

DES. Shall't be to-night at supper?

OTH. No, not to-night.

DES. To-morrow dinner, then?

OTH. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DES. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;— 60
I prithee name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make example

Out of their best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio, 70
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

OTH. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

DES. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit 80
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

OTH. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

DES. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

OTH. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee
straight.

DES. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with EMILIA.*]

OTH. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, 90
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

OTH. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

OTH. Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTH. Oh, yes; and went between us very oft. 100

IAGO. Indeed?

OTH. 'Indeed!' ay, indeed;—discern'st thou aught in
that?

Is he not honest?

IAGO. Honest, my lord?

OTH. 'Honest!' ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTH. What dost thou think?

IAGO. Think, my lord?

OTH. 'Think, my lord!' By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown!—Thou dost mean something :
I heard thee say but now, thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like? 110
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, 'Indeed !'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou dost ;

And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more : 120
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,
They're close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTH. I think so too.

IAGO. Men should be what they seem ;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this : 130
I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

IAGO. Good my lord, pardon me :
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit 140
With meditations lawful?

OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO. I do beseech you,—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not)—that your wisdom,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble 150
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH. What dost thou mean?

IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash: 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him, 160
And makes me poor indeed.

OTH. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!

IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTH. Ha!

IAGO. Oh, beware, my lord, of Jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves! 170

OTH. O, misery!

IAGO. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTH. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy;

To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat, 180
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; 190
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me!—I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
 Wear your eye thus,—not jealous, nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't: 200
 I know our country disposition well:
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTH. Dost thou say so?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you:
 And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
 She loved them most.

OTH. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to, then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,— 210
 He thought 'twas witchcraft:—but I am much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO. I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. I' faith, I fear it has.
 I hope you will consider what is spoke

Comes from my love;—but I do see you're mov'd :—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

220

OTH. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend :—
My lord, I see you're moved.

OTH. No, not much moved :—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

OTH. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point :—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :—
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

230

OTH. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, Iago.

240

IAGO. My lord, I take my leave. *[Going.]*

OTH. Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

IAGO. *[Returning.]* My lord, I would I might entreat
your honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time :
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

250

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.]

OTH. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard, 260
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ; or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much ;—
She's gone ; I am abused ; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. Oh, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad, 270
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones ;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death :
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes :
If she be false, oh, then heaven mocks itself !
I'll not believe it.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

DES. How now, my dear Othello !
Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280
By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTH. I am to blame.

DES. Why do you speak so faintly ?
Are you not well ?

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DES. Why, that's with watching ; 'twill away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

OTH. Your napkin is too little ;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him ; and it drops.*]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

DES. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*]

EMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin : 290
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooded me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it ever more about her,
To kiss and talk to.
I'll have the work ta'en out, and give't Iago ;
What he will do with it, heaven knows, not I ;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

IAGO. How now ! what do you here alone ? 300

EMIL. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

IAGO. A thing for me :—it is a common thing—

EMIL. Ha !

IAGO. To have a foolish wife.

EMIL. Oh, is that all ?—What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

IAGO. What handkerchief ?

EMIL. "What handkerchief ?"

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO. Hast stolen it from her ? 310

EMIL. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

IAGO. A good wench ; give it me.

EMIL. What will you do with't, that you have been so
earnest

To have me filch it ?

IAGO. [*Snatching it.*] Why, what's that to you ?

EMIL. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giv't me again ; poor lady ! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

IAGO. Be not acknown on't : I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air 321
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ : this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,

Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
 Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou owedst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Ha! ha! false to me?

IAGO. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

OTH. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
 I swear 'tis better to be much abused
 Than but to know't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord!

OTH. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harmed not me:
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry; 340
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
 He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.

IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.

OTH. I had been happy,
 So I had nothing known. Oh, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell! 350
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO. Is't possible?—My lord,—

OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove it;
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360
[Taking him by the throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO. Is't come to this?

OTH. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me, .
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ; 370
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed ;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that !

IAGO. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?—
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit ; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence. 380

OTH. Nay, stay :—thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

OTH. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not !
I'll have some proof : her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied ! 390

IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

OTH. Would ! nay, I will.

IAGO. And may : but how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
Would you the supervisor grossly gape on ?

OTH. Death and damnation ! O !

IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect : damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own ? What then ? How then ? 400
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,—

Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

OTH. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO. I do not like the office:

410

But, sith I'm entered in this cause so far,
Pricked to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.'

420

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—'Oh, sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; and sighed, and then
Cried, 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

OTH. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs, 430
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTH. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH. If it be that,—

IAGO. If it be that, or any that was hers, 440
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTH. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven;
'Tis gone!—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!

Yield up, oh Love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous Hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

IAGO. Yet be content. 450

OTH. Oh, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

OTH. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven, 460
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.
I here engage my words.

IAGO. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever!

OTH. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't: 471
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO. My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request;
But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx! oh, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

DES. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

CLO. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

DES. Why, man?

CLO. He is a soldier ; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

DES. Go to ; where lodges he ?

CLO. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

DES. Can anything be made of this ? 10

CLO. I know not where he lodges : and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DES. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

CLO. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

DES. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well. 20

CLO. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit*]

DES. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

EMIL. I know not, madam.

DES. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes : and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

EMIL. Is he not jealous ?

DES. Who, he ? I think the sun where he was born 30
Drew all such humours from him.

EMIL. Look, where he comes.

DES. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be called to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord ?

OTH. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] Oh, hardness to
dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

DES. Well, my good lord.

OTH. Give me your hand : this hand is moist, my lady.

DES. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart :—

Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, 40
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

DES. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTH. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

OTH. What promise, chuck ?

DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. 50

OTH. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you.

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not ?

DES. No, indeed, my lord.

OTH. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it, 60
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

DES. Is't possible ?

OTH. 'Tis true : there's magic in the web of it :
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world 70
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work ;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk ;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

DES. Indeed ! is't true ?

OTH. Most veritable ; therefore look to't well.

DES. Then would to heaven that I had never seen't !

OTH. Ha ! wherefore ?

DES. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

OTH. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is 't out of the way? 80

DES. Heaven bless us!

OTH. Say you?

DES. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

OTH. How?

DES. I say, it is not lost.

OTH. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

DES. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

OTH. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

DES. Come, come; 90

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTH. The handkerchief!

DES. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTH. The handkerchief!

DES. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shared dangers with you,—

OTH. The handkerchief!

DES. In sooth, you are to blame.

OTH. Away!

[Exit.

EMIL. Is not this man jealous?

DES. I ne'er saw this before. 100

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMIL. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

IAGO. There is no other way: 'tis she must do't:

And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

DES. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

CAS. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you, 110

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Entirely honour. I would not be delayed:

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit ;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

DES. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour altered.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

IAGO. Is my lord angry?

EMIL. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

IAGO. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm,
Puffed his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed if he be angry.

DES. I prithee, do so.—[*Exit* IAGO.] Something, sure,
of state,— 140

Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
 Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
 For let your finger ache, and it indues
 Our other healthful members even to a sense
 Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observancy
 As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find I had suborned the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

EMIL. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

DES. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

EMIL. But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160
But jealous for they're jealous: it is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DES. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

EMIL. Lady, amen!

DES. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-about:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. Save you, friend Cassio!

CAS. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? 170
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIAN. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
Oh, weary reckoning!

CAS. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed:
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca.

[*Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.

BIAN. Oh, Cassio, whence came this? 180
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is't come to this? Well, well.

CAS. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

BIAN. Why, whose is it?

CAS. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded

(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied : 190
Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

BIAN. Leave you ! wherefore ?

CAS. I do attend here on the general ;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me womaned.

BIAN. Why, I pray you ?

CAS. Not that I love you not.

BIAN. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

CAS. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here : but I'll see you soon. 200

BIAN. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanced.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

IAGO. Will you think so ?

OTH. 'Think so,' Iago !

IAGO. What,

To kiss in private ?

OTH. An unauthorized kiss ?

IAGO. Not meaning any harm ?

OTH. Not mean harm !

It is hypocrisy against the devil :

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAGO. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— 10

OTH. What then ?

IAGO. Why then 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

OTH. She is protectress of her honour too ;
May she give that ?

IAGO. Her honour is an essence that's not seen ;
They have it very oft that have it not :

But, for the handkerchief,—

OTH. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :—
Thou saidst,—oh, it comes o'er my memory, 20

As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all!—he had my handkerchief.

IAGO. Ay, what of that?

OTH. That's not so good now.

IAGO. What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced, or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,—

OTH. Hath he said anything?

IAGO. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured, 30
No more than he'll unswear.

OTH. What hath he said?

IAGO. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

OTH. What? what?

IAGO. Lie—

OTH. With her?

IAGO. With her.

OTH. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—
confessions,—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged
for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess.
—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in
such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is
not words that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and
lips:—Is't possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—Oh,
devil! *[Falls in a trance.]*

IAGO. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio?

CAS. What is the matter? 50

IAGO. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

IAGO. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit CASSIO.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head? 60

OTH. Dost thou mock me?

IAGO. I mock you! no, by heaven:
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

OTH. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

IAGO. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

OTH. Did he confess it?

IAGO. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better. 70
Oh, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTH. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

IAGO. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,—
A passion most unsuited such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; 80
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew;—
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

OTH. Dost thou hear, Iago? 90
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

IAGO. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*OTHELLO retires.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,

Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
 To beguile many and be beguiled by one ;—
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter :—here he comes :— 100

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

CAS. The worser, that you give me the addition
 Whose want even kills me.

IAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower, [*Speaking lower.*]
 How quickly should you speed !

CAS. Alas, poor caitiff !

OTH. [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already ! 110

IAGO. I never knew woman love man so.

CAS. Alas, poor rogue ! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

IAGO. Do you hear, Cassio ?

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him
 To tell it o'er :—go to ; well said, well said.

IAGO. She gives it out, that you shall marry her ;
 Do you intend it ?

CAS. Ha, ha, ha ! 120

OTH. [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?

CAS. I marry her !—what, a customer ? Prithee bear
 some charity to my wit ; do not think it so unwholesome.
 —Ha, ha, ha !

OTH. [*Aside.*] So, so ; so, so :—they laugh that win.

IAGO. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

CAS. Prithee, say true.

IAGO. I am a very villain else.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Have you scored me ? Well. 130

CAS. This is the monkey's own giving out ; she is per-
 suaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery,
 not out of my promise.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story.

CAS. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every

place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians ; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck,—

140

OTH. [*Aside.*] Crying, 'Oh, dear Cassio!' as it were : his gesture imports it.

CAS. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so shakes and pulls me :—ha, ha, ha !—

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. Oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

CAS. Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO. Before me ! look, where she comes.

CAS. 'Tis such another fitchew ! marry, a perfumed one.

151

Enter BIANCA.

—What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

BIAN. Let the devil and his dam haunt you !

What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work !—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there ! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ! There,—give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

161

CAS. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how now ?

OTH. [*Aside.*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief !

BIAN. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may ; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[*Exit.*

IAGO. After her, after her.

CAS. Faith, I must ; she'll rail in the street else.

171

IAGO. Will you sup there ?

CAS. Yes, I intend so.

IAGO. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

CAS. Prithee, come ; will you ?

IAGO. Go to ; say no more.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

OTH. [*Coming forward.*] How shall I murder him, Iago ?

180

IAGO. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

OTH. Oh, Iago!

IAGO. And did you see the handkerchief?

OTH. Was that mine?

IAGO. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years a-killing.—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

IAGO. Nay, you must forget that. 190

OTH. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned tonight; for she shall not live; no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

IAGO. Nay, that's not your way.

OTH. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! 201

IAGO. She's the worse for all this.

OTH. Oh, a thousand thousand times:—and then, of so gentle a condition!

IAGO. Aye, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend: for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 210

OTH. I will chop her into messes:—

IAGO. Oh, 'tis foul in her!

OTH. With mine officer!

IAGO. That's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago. 219

IAGO. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good!

IAGO. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet without.*]

OTH. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

LOD. Save you, worthy general!

OTH. With all my heart, sir. 230

LOD. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a packet.]

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the packet, and reads.]

DES. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

LOD. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO. Lives, sir.

DES. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

OTH. Are you sure of that?

DES. My lord?

OTH. *[Reads.]* 'This fail you not to do, as you will'— 239

LOD. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

DES. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone!

DES. My lord?

OTH. Are you wise?

DES. What, is he angry?

LOD. May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

DES. Trust me, I am glad on't.

OTH. Indeed?

DES. My lord?

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. Why, sweet Othello? 250

OTH. Devil! *[Striking her.]*

DES. I have not deserved this.

LOD. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much;
Make her amends; she weeps.

OTH. Oh, devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!

DES. I will not stay to offend you. *[Going.]*

LOD. Truly, an obedient lady :—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260

OTH. Mistress!

DES. My lord?

OTH. What would you with her, sir?

LOD. Who, I, my lord?

OTH. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn :
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir,—weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient ;—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—oh, well-painted passion !—
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate, 270
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt !

[Exit DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together :

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. [Exit.]

LOD. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO. He is much changed.

LOD. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain? 280

IAGO. He's—that he is : I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven he were!

LOD. What, strike his wife!

IAGO. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

LOD. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

IAGO. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so, 290
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

LOD. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

OTH. You have seen nothing, then?

EMIL. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTH. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

EMIL. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTH. What, did they never whisper?

EMIL. Never, my lord. 10

OTH. Nor send you out o' the way?

EMIL. Never.

OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange.

EMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

OTH. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*

She says enough: yet she's a simple bawd 20
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

DES. My lord, what is your will?

OTH. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DES. What is your pleasure?

OTH. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

DES. What horrible fancy's this?

OTH. Some of your function, mistress; [*To EMILIA.*
Leave us, I pray, alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry 'Hem,' if anybody come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch! 30

[*Exit EMILIA.*

DES. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import!
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

OTH. Why, what art thou?

DES. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

OTH. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damned,—
Swear—thou art honest.

DES. Heaven doth truly know it.

OTH. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

DES. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

OTH. Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away! 41

DES. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

OTH. Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rained

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;

50

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience: but alas! to make me

The fixed figure for the time of Scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at!—

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:

But there, where I have garnered up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,—

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

60

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin!—

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

DES. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTH. Oh, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. Oh, thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er
been born!

DES. Alas what ignorant sin have I committed? 70

OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'Whore' upon?—What committed!
Committed! Oh, thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed!— 80
Impudent strumpet!

DES. By heaven, you do me wrong!

OTH. Are not you a strumpet?

DES. No, as I am a Christian!
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTH. What, not a whore?

DES. No, as I shall be saved!

OTH. Is't possible?

DES. Oh, heaven forgive us!

OTH. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—[*Raising his voice.*] You, 90
mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*]

EMIL. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

DES. Faith, half asleep.

EMIL. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

DES. With who?

EMIL. Why, with my lord, madam. 100

DES. Who is thy lord?

EMIL. He that is yours, sweet lady

DES. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

EMIL. Here's a change, indeed!
[Exit.

DES. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with
you? 110

DES. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

IAGO. What's the matter, lady?

EMIL. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

DES. Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO. What name, fair lady?

DES. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

EMIL. He called her whore: a beggar in his drink, 120
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

IAGO. Why did he so?

DES. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep:—Alas the day!

EMIL. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore? would it not make one weep?

DES. It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO. Beshrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?

DES. Nay, heaven doth know.

EMIL. I will be hanged if some eternal villain, 130
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander: I'll be hanged else.

IAGO. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

DES. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

EMIL. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:— 140
Q heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

IAGO. Speak within door.

EMIL. Oh, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turned your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO. You are a fool; go to.

DES. Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, 150
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore'—
It does abhor me now I speak the word:
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

DES. If't were no other!—

IAGO. It is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets without.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat. 170
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

ROD. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered. 182

IAGO. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

ROD. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none. 193

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. 'Very well! go to!' I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

IAGO. Very well.

ROD. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you. 203

IAGO. You have said now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair. 212

ROD. It hath not appeared.

IAGO. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it; if thou the next night following gain not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life. 222

ROD. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

IAGO. Sir, there is a special commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

ROD. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean, removing him?

IAGO. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place,—knocking out his brains. 236

ROD. And that you would have me to do?

IAGO. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with Bianca, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune,—if you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it. 250

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO. And you shall; be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

LOD. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

LOD. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

DES. Your honour is most welcome.

OTH. Will you walk, sir?—

Oh,—Desdemona,—

DES. My lord?

OTH. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

DES. I will, my lord. 10

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.]

EMIL. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

DES. He says he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMIL. Dismiss me!

DES. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

EMIL. I would you had never seen him!

DES. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— 20
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

EMIL. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DES. All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our
minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

EMIL. Come, come, you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid called Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'Willow,'
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night 30
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

EMIL. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

DES. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMIL. A very handsome man.

DES. He speaks well.

EMIL. I know a lady in Venice would have walked
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. 40

DES. [*Singing.*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow:

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;—

Lay by these:—

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

50

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

EMIL. It is the wind.

DES. I called my love, false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow;

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

EMIL. 'Tis neither here nor there.

DES. I have heard it said so.—Oh, these men, these men!—

60

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

EMIL. There be some such, no question.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL. Why, would not you?

DES. No, by this heavenly light!

EMIL. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL. The world's a huge thing: 'tis a great price

For a small vice.

DES. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. 70

EMIL. In troth, I think I should; and undo't it, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for all the whole world,—why, who would not to make her husband a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DES. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world. 79

EMIL. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES. I do not think there is any such woman.

EMIL. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

90

Throwing restraint upon us ; or say they strike us,
 Or scant our former having in despite ;
 Why, we have galls ; and though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
 Their wives have sense like them : they see, and smell,
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
 I think it is : and doth affection breed it ?
 I think it doth : is't frailty that thus errs ? 100
 It is so too :—and have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ?
 Then let them use us well ; else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DES. Good-night, good-night : heaven me such uses send,
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend ! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he
 come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
 Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :
 It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

IAGO. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand.
 [Retires.

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—
 'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies ! 10

[Goes to his stand.

IAGO. I have rubbed this young quat, almost to the sense,
 And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain : Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona ;

It must not be: If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor 20
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die: but, so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

ROD. I know his gait, 'tis he:—Villain, thou diest!

[Rushes from his post and makes a pass at CASSIO.]

CAS. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.]

ROD. Oh, I am slain!

[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.]

CAS. I am maimed for ever:—Help, ho! murder!
murder! *[Falls.]*

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

OTH. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

ROD. Oh, villain that I am!

OTH. 'Tis even so.

CAS. Oh, help! ho! light! a surgeon! 30

OTH. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies.—Strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

CAS. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!
murder!

GRA. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

CAS. Oh, help!

LOD. Hark!

40

ROD. O wretched villain!

LOD. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

ROD. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

LOD. Hark!

GRA. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

IAGO. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

LOD. We do not know.

IAGO. Did not you hear a cry?

CAS. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

IAGO. What's the matter?

GRA. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it. 51

LOD. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously?

CAS. Iago? Oh, I am spoiled, undone by villains! Give me some help.

IAGO. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

IAGO. Oh, treacherous villains!— What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

ROD. Oh, help me, there! 60

CAS. That's one of them.

IAGO. O murderous slave! O villain! [*Stabs RODERIGO.*

ROD. O damned Iago! O inhuman dog?— [*Dies.*

IAGO. Kill men i' the dark—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAGO. Signior Lodovico?

LOD. He, sir.

IAGO. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

GRA. Cassio! 70

IAGO. How is 't, brother?

CAS. My leg is cut in two.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!— Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

IAGO. 'Who is't that cried?'

BIAN. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio!
Cassio! Cassio!

IAGO. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

CAS. No. 80

GRA. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek
you.

IAGO. Lend me a garter:—so.—O for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

BIAN. Alas! he faints!—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

IAGO. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?

Alas! my friend and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; yes, 'tis Roderigo. 90

GRA. What, of Venice?

IAGO. Even he, sir: did you know him?

GRA. Know him! ay.

IAGO. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

GRA. I am glad to see you.

IAGO. How do you, Cassio?—Oh, a chair, a chair!

GRA. Roderigo!

IAGO. He, he, 'tis he:—Oh, that's well said;—the
chair:— [A chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, 100
[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

CAS. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

IAGO. [To BIANCA.] What, look you pale?—O bear him
out o' the air.—

[CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use. 110

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. Alas! what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

IAGO. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

EMIL. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

IAGO. This is the fruits of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night:—
What, do you shake at that? [To BIANCA.

BIAN. He supped at my house; but I therefore shake not.

IAGO. Oh, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

EMIL. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIAN. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

EMIL. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

IAGO. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dressed.—

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happened.—

Will you go on afore?—This is the night [Aside.

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber: Desdemona in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men
Put out the light, and then—put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light! 10
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*]

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

DES. Who's there? Othello?

OTH. Ay, Desdemona.

DES. Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTH. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

DES. Ay, my lord.

OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

DES. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTH. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: 30
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit:

No,—Heaven fend!—I would not kill thy soul.

DES. Talk you of killing?

OTH. Ay, I do.

DES. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

OTH. Amen, with all my heart!

DES. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTH. Hum!

DES. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTH. Think on thy sins.

DES. They are loves I bear to you. 40

OTH. Ay, and for that thou diest.

DES. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

OTH. Peace, and be still!

DES. I will so? What's the matter?

OTH. That handkerchief, which I so loved and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

DES. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

OTH. Sweet soul, take heed, 50
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

DES. Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DES. Then Lord have mercy on me!

OTH. I say, amen!

DES. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven 60
As I might love: I never gave him token.

OTH. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

DES. He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

OTH. He hath confessed.

DES. What, my lord?

OTH. Ay. 70

DES. He will not say so.

OTH. No, his mouth is stopped;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

DES. Oh, my fear interprets!—what, is he dead?

OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

DES. Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone!

OTH. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

DES. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTH. Down, strumpet!

DES. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night! 80

OTH. Nay, if you strive,—

DES. But half an hour!

OTH. Being done,

There is no pause.

DES. But while I say one prayer!

OTH. It is too late. [*He stifles her.*]

EMIL. [*Without.*] My lord! my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!

OTH. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead? I that am cruel am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So, so.

EMIL. [*Without.*] What ho! my lord! my lord!

OTH. Who's there?

EMIL. [*Without.*] Oh, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! 90

OTH. Yes:—'tis Emilia;—by-and-by.—She's dead.—

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were't good?

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife!

Oh, insupportable, oh, heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration. 100

EMIL. [*Without.*] I do beseech you that I may speak with you,

Oh, good my lord!

OTH. I had forgot thee:—Oh, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by-and-by:—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? [*Opens the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

EMIL. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done!

OTH. What, now?

EMIL. But now, my lord!

OTH. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont, 110
And makes men mad.

EMIL. Cassio, my lord, hath killed a young Venetian
Called Roderigo.

OTH. Roderigo killed!
And Cassio killed!

EMIL. No, Cassio is not killed.

OTH. Not Cassio killed! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DES. Oh, falsely, falsely murdered!

EMIL. Alas! what cry is that?

OTH. That! what?

EMIL. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice!—
Help! help, ho! help!—Oh, lady, speak again! 120
Sweet Desdemona! oh, sweet mistress, speak!

DES. A guiltless death I die.

EMIL. Oh, who hath done this deed?

DES. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord: oh, farewell! [Dies.

OTH. Why, how should she be murdered?

EMIL. Alas! who knows?

OTH. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMIL. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

OTH. She's like a liar gone to burning hell!

'Twas I that killed her.

EMIL. Oh, the more angel she, 130
And you the blacker devil!

OTH. She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

EMIL. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTH. She was false as water.

EMIL. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: oh, she was heavenly true!

OTH. Oh, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity! Thy husband knew it all.

EMIL. My husband! 140

OTH. Thy husband.

EMIL. That she was false to wedlock?

OTH. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

EMIL. My husband!

OTH. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

EMIL. My husband!

OTH. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy
husband. 150

EMIL. Oh, mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—

My husband say that she was false?

OTH.

He, woman;

I say thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

EMIL. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

OTH. Ha!

EMIL. Do thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven, 160
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTH.

Peace! you were best.

EMIL. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh, gull! oh, dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

MON. What is the matter?—How now, general!

EMIL. Oh, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck. 171

GRA. What is the matter?

EMIL. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

IAGO. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMIL. But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO. I did.

EMIL. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie; 180
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie!—
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

IAGO. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your
tongue.

EMIL. I will not charm my tongue: I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed,—

ALL. Oh, heavens forfend!

EMIL. And your reports have set the murder on.

OTH. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

GRA. 'Tis a strange truth.

MON. O monstrous act !

EMIL. Villany, villany, villany ! 190

I think upon 't,—I think I smell 't ;—O villany !—

I thought so then ;—I 'll kill myself for grief.—

O villany, villany !

IAGO. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

EMIL. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

OTH. Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! [Falling on the bed.

EMIL. Nay, lay thee down and roar ;

For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

OTH. Oh, she was foul !— [Rising. 200

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped :

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRA. Poor Desdemon ! I am glad thy father's dead :

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain ; did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

OTH. 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows, 210

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed ; Cassio confessed it :

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand :

It was a handkerchief, an antique token,

My father gave my mother.

EMIL. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

IAGO. Zounds, hold your peace !

EMIL. 'Twill out, 'twill out !—I hold my peace, sir ? no !

No, I will speak as liberal as the north ! 220

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak !

IAGO. Be wise, and get you home.

EMIL. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab EMILIA.

GRA. Fie !

Your sword upon a woman?

EMIL. O thou dull Moor! That handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;
For often with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,—
He begged of me to steal it.

IAGO. Villanous whore !

EMIL. She give it Cassio ! no, alas, I found it, 230
And I did give't my husband.

IAGO. Filth, thou liest !

EMIL. By heaven, I do not ! I do not, gentlemen !—
O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ?

[*The Moor runs at IAGO, who stabs EMILIA, and exit.*]

OTH. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain !

GRA. The woman falls ! sure, he hath killed his wife.

EMIL. Ay, ay !—Oh, lay me by my mistress' side !

GRA. He's gone, but his wife's killed.

MON. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor : 240
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*]

OTH. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

EMIL. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark ! canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,
And die in music ; [*Singing*], 'Willow, willow, willow.'—
Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel Moor ;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ; 250
So speaking as I think, I die !—I die ! [*Dies.*]

OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
Oh, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

GRA. [*Without.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTH. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

GRA. What is the matter?

OTH. Behold! I have a weapon;
 A better never did itself sustain 260
 Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
 That, with this little arm and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop.—But, oh, vain boast!
 Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismayed? 'tis a lost fear;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast, 270
 And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now? Oh, ill-starred wench!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it!—Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity.—
 Oh, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!— 280
 Oh, Desdemona! dead, Desdemona! dead! oh! oh!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair,
 and Officers, with IAGO prisoner.*

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

OTH. That's he that was Othello:—here I am.

LOD. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

OTH. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable.—
 If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds IAGO.*]

LOD. Wrench his sword from him.

IAGO. I bleed, sir; but not killed.

OTH. I am not sorry, neither; I'd have thee live;
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

LOD. Oh, thou Othello, that wert once so good,
 Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

OTH. Why, anything:

An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

LOD. This wretch hath part confessed his villany :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

OTH. Ay.

CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon. 300
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

IAGO. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :
From this time forth I never will speak word.

LOD. What, not to pray ?

GRA. Torments will ope your lips.

OTH. Well, thou dost best.

LOD. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here another : the one of them imports 310
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

OTH. Oh, villain !

CAS. Most heathenish and most gross !

LOD. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

OTH. O thou pernicious caitiff !—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

CAS. I found it in my chamber ; 320
And he himself confessed but even now,
That there he dropped it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

OTH. O fool ! fool ! fool !

CAS. There is besides, in Roderigo's letter—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast : and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

LOD. You must forsake this room, and go with us ; 330
Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

OTH. Soft you! a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters, 340
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

LOD. O bloody period!

GRA. All that is spoke is marred.

OTH. I kissed thee ere I killed thee;—no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*Falls upon the bed and dies.*]

CAS. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart. 361

LOD. [*To IAGO.*] Oh, Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture;—Oh, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state, 370
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES

THE REFERENCES ARE TO THE LINES OF THE 'GLOBE' EDITION,
WHICH HAVE ALSO BEEN FOLLOWED IN THE TEXT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rising interrupts conversation about Desdemona's elopement with Othello.

1 *Much.* For 'very.' Cf. "I confess me much guilty."—*As You Like It*, i. 2, 196.

4 *'Sblood.* For a similar abbreviation cf. 'Zounds,' 'God's wounds.' In 1606 the use of bad language on the stage was checked by Act of Parliament. But cf. Act iv. 1, 149, "Before me" for "Before God." It is unsafe then to say that this passage proves that the play came out before 1606.

10 *Off-capped.* Cf. sc. 2, 19, "out-tongue;" and *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3, 7, "up-fill."

11 'I am qualified to be at least lieutenant.'

13 *Them.* Iago's supporters.

Bombast. 'Cotton padding;' hence 'affected language.' The word appears in Latin 'bombyx;' in Greek and Persian. 'Bombazine,' a fabric of silk and wool, is from same root.

Circumstance. The opposite of a straightforward answer.

14 The hemistich (half-line), as in line 18, enables the actor to make a more effective pause.

20 The commercial tone of Florence is contrasted with warlike Venice.

21 Cassio has almost decided to ruin himself by marrying Bianca, a courtesan. Hunter sees an allusion to Lazarus and Dives, quoting *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 5, 82, where 'mean it' signifies 'be moderate.' Both passages are suspected.

23 *Battle.* Battalion. Cf. "Lead our first battle."—*Macbeth*, v. 6, 4.

24 *Spinster.* Note the fem. term '-ster.' In 'songstress' ('songsteress') we have the gender doubly marked. (v. 2, 244, N.)

Bookish theorick. (Object of 'knows.') The theory of war, learnt from reading treatises, opposed to practice.

25 *Toged*. Cf. 'Cedant arma togae.' 'Togatus,' 'a civilian.' *Propose*. 'Speak.' Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1, 3, "Proposing with the prince and Claudio."

26 *Masterly*. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, v. 3, 65, "Masterly done;" and *Othello*, iii. 4, 105, 'hungerly;' and elsewhere 'traitorly,' 'silverly.'

Prattle. From 'prate.'

27 'He was chosen.'

30 *Be-leed*. Cf. 'be-madding' (*Lear*), 'be-fortune' (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.)

31 'By a mere book-keeper, who adds up counters;' i.e. money.

33 *God bless the mark!* Originally used to avert the evil omen in using strong language. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2, 25: "My master, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil."

Ancient. Corruption of 'ensign.'

35 *sq*. 'We cannot help it. Promotion goes not, as in former times, by seniority, but by influence and partiality.'

39 'In any reasonable way.'

Affined. Lit. 'related,' so 'well disposed to.'

41 Iago would not serve Othello, but that he sees a chance of revenge.

44 *Shall mark*. 'Cannot but have marked.'

45 *Knave*. German 'Knabe,' 'boy.' Cf. 'garçon,' Anglo-Indian 'boy,' and 'παῖς,' mis-translated in English version of *Acts* iii. 13, 'son,' for which 'υἱός' is always used in the New Testament.

46 *Doting on*. 'Growing foolish over.'

48 *Cashiered*. Latin 'cassus,' 'void;' French 'casser,' 'to break.' (In military phraseology the latter word is common.)

49 *Me*. Ethic dative. More common in French. But cf. sc. 2, 72; *Hamlet*, ii. 2, 601, "Who does me this?"

50 *Visages*. Like Latin 'visus,' 'looks.'

53 *By*. 'By means of,' 'in their service.'

54 *Homage*. (Termination 'age' = 'aticum.') Low Latin 'homaticum,' 'service of a man or vassal.'

60 *So*. 'Loving and duteous.'

Peculiar. French 'propre.'

61 *Sq*. For Iago to give the key-note to his real character is a touch of genius. In a similar way sc. 1 of *Richard II.* fore-shadows some characters.

62 *Native*. 'Congenial.' Cf. "Kiss like native things."—*All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1, 238.

66 *Thick-lips*. The Moors were not negroes. Fanny Kemble (*Later Days*, vol. i. p. 145) believes that the Otelli del *Moro* originally came from the Morea, and that their device was a mulberry, the growth of that country, not a strawberry.

Owe. 'Own.' Cf. *Richard II.*, iv. 1, 185, "A well that owes two buckets."

68 *Make*. 'Go.' Cf. v. 1, 58, *infra*, and "The waves make toward the pebbled shore."—*Sonnet*, 60, 1.

69 *Incense*. 'Fire,' 'excite.'

71 Allusion to one of the plagues of Egypt.

72 Metaphor from the artist mixing colours.

73 *As*. For 'that.' Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1, 174 :

"You shall be so received

As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart."

80 For a similar alarm cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 8, 16, 17.

95 *Worser*. For the double comparative cf. "A more larger list."—*Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 6, 76. Double superlatives—"most unkindest cut of all" (*Julius Caesar*, iii. 2, 187), "most worst"—are also found. See also v. 2, 110, *infra*.

99 *Distempering*. Probably for 'distemperate'; i.e. intemperate. Cf. 'disnaturated' (*Lear*, i. 4, 305) for 'unnatural.'

100 *Upon*. 'For the purpose of.'

103 'I am annoyed at your joke, and have power to make you regret it.'

106 *Grange*. A farm-house. (Latin and French.)

124 *Odd-even and dull watch*. 'Odd-even' is interpreted to mean 'the interval between midnight and one a.m.' The hyphen not in earliest copies. One ingenious commentator suggested 'odd-steven' (Chaucerian word for 'hour.')

126 *But*. 'Than' or 'except.' Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 4, 13, "Thou knowest no less but all."

128 *Allowance*. 'Adlaudo,' like 'ἀλνέω,' had the meaning of 'acquiesce in.' Cf. Eur. *Hipp.* 483.

129 *Saucy*. "Full of sauce, pungent."—SKEAT.

130 'I am sure you are wrong in abusing us.'

131 *From*. 'Away from.' Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3, 64, "Birds and beasts, from quality and kind." 'Contrary to their natural dispositions.'

135 *Gross*. Cf. sc. 2, 72. 'Obvious.'

142 Brabantio begins to believe Iago's news.

146 He would rather not give evidence against his chief.

149 He may have the annoyance of being detained to explain.

150 *Cast*. Cf. 'castaway,' and Anglo-Indian 'a caster,' 'a horse sold out of a regiment as useless.'

151 Cf. "Draw them to Tiber wars" (*Julius Caesar*, i. 1, 63), and Chaucer, "His ladye (lady's) grace."—*Canterbury Tales*; *Prologue*, 88.

154 *In which regard*. 'On account of which.'

158 Cf. "That thou shalt see."—*Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, 368.

159 The name of the inn.

172 'Is there not.'

173 *Property*. 'Propriety' or 'individual ('propre') disposition.'

182 'I am sure of aid almost everywhere.'

SCENE 2.

1 *Trade*. From 'tread,' 'path;' hence 'trade-winds,' 'always on one path.'

2 *Stuff*. The essential point.

4 'It is a pity I am not bolder.'

5 *Yerked*. Same sense as 'to strike.' Derived possibly from 'jerk.'

10 'I scarcely tolerated him.'

12 The *magnifico*—i.e. Brabantio—has practically twice as much influence as the Doge.

17 *Cable*. From 'capere,' 'to hold,' through Low Latin 'cablum,' 'a holding-rope.'

19 *To know*. Act. inf. for passive. Cf. the somewhat similar usage in French.

21 'I am of high birth.'

22 *Siege*. We say now 'standing.'

Demerits. A negative word, used in both senses. Cf. "Opinion shall of his demerits rob Cominius."—*Coriolanus*, i. i. 276. 'Success' and French 'succès' were also so used. Cf. Act iii. 3, 322, and note on ii. 3, 193.

25 *But*. 'Except.'

26, 27 'I, now free, would not tie myself.'

Confine. A noun here.

28 *Yond*. From Aryan root 'YA.' Source of Greek 'ὄς' ('yós'); German 'yener,' that; and of 'ye-s,' 'ye-t.' Cf. "What torch is yond?"—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3, 125.

29 *Raised*. 'Alarmed.'

30 *You were best*. '(To) you (it) were best.' Cf. "Answer truly, you were best."—*Julius Caesar*, iii. 3, 13.

31 *Parts*. Disposition or talents.

41 Cf. scene 3, 3, sq.

43 *Consuls*. Note that this play belongs to same period as the Roman plays.

50 *Carack*, or *carrack*. O.F. 'carraque,' 'a ship of burden.' From 'carrus' (Gaulish word), 'a car.'

52 *To who?* For the neglect of the inflection cf. iv. 2, 99. "Who does the wolf love? The lamb."—*Coriolanus*, ii. i, 8.

53 *Marry*. 'By the Virgin Mary.' The pun is probably intentional, though Shakspeare was dropping the habit.

54 *Have with you*. 'Take me with you.'

60 'Your words, as those of an old man, will do more than your weapons.'

63 I will refer to anyone the question whether such a contrariety, as a girl who had refused handsome Venetians accepting

a blackamoor, can have been caused by anything but enchantment. Cf. lines 72-74,

70 *Guardage*. Only in this passage.

71 *Fear and delight*. Possibly nouns, but more probably, as Abbott, "Thou a thing (fit) to fear, not to delight."

72 'The world be my judge.' See note on i. 1, 49.

73 The use of philtres, or drugs, to produce feelings of love, was common among the ancients; but not even Ovid approves of them.

"Philtrā nocent animis vimque furoris habent."

75 Readings vary between *weaken* and *waken*. The latter is to be suspected as being the easier to understand, and therefore less likely to have been altered. The rest of the line refers to the mediæval contests, at which "hard cases" and questions as to conduct at particular crises in love affairs were propounded. Cf. Chaucer, *K. T.*, 489.

76 *Probable*. In its more strict sense, 'admitting proof.'

Palpable. 'That can be felt.' Latin 'palpare,' 'to feel.' Palpitate is the frequentative.

77 'I therefore arrest thee.'

78 *For*. 'As.'

Abuser. Here 'one who is mischievous to.'

82 *Of my inclining*. 'Who lean towards me.'

83 *Cue*. Derived from French 'queue,' a stage word, the end of one speech waited for by the actor who has to carry on the dialogue without interrupting. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1, 316, "'Tis your cue, Count;" and, for another image borrowed from the stage, *Richard II.*, v. 2, 23. Remember too that Shakspeare acted in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, 1603.

88 'In that case I shall fail the Duke when he is in need of my services.'

91 The officer addresses Brabantio.

93 *In*. For 'at' or 'during' is common in Shakspeare. "*In* such a night as this" (*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1, 6); and same play, ii. 4, 1, "*In* supper-time."

98 'If we tolerate such an offence against our dignity, we shall soon lose it.'

SCENE 3.

1 *Composition*. 'Agreement.' Cf. *Coriolanus*, iii. 1, 3, "Our swifter composition."

4 The occasional omission of the conjunction in numerals may be a relic of the French usage (cent-quarante). Other instances will be found *Henry V.*, i. 2, 61; iv. 8, 88, &c.

5 *Jump*. Cf. "Till each circumstance cohere and jump."—*Twelfth Night*, v. 259. As an adverb, it is common in Shakspeare. "Jump at this dead hour."—*Hamlet*, i. 1, 65; and this play, ii. 3, 391.

6 *Aim.* 'General idea.' Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1, 45, "That my discovery be not aimed at;" i.e. 'that no one should think of trying to discover me.'

10 *Secure.* Der. 'se' (as in 'se-paro') 'cura,' 'without care.' I do not lay aside anxiety on account of the discrepancy in the accounts.

11 *Article.* 'Articulus,' 'little joint;' hence 'clause.'

12 *In fearful sense.* 'In feeling fearful.'

15 The Turks tried to recover Cyprus (which they had lost a century before) in 1570.

17 *By.* 'About.' Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2, 58, "How say you by the French lord?" and 1 Corinth. iv. 4, "I know nothing by myself" (the Greek being, "I am conscious of nothing against myself"), where Alford quotes, "I know no harm by him," as a midland-county current expression.

18 'If we put the statement to the test of common-sense, we cannot believe it.'

Assay. Through French 'essai,' and Latin from Greek 'ἐξάγειν,' 'a weighing out' (for exportation), 'ἐξ-άγειν,' 'to lead.'

Pageant. 'A mock,' or 'show.' Der. Latin 'pagina,' 'page,' in later times the scaffold on which mysteries were acted. Root, 'pag,' 'to fasten.'

22, 3 'Not only is it more important, but he can bear (ferre) the business more easily.'

24 'It is not so well fortified.'

Brace. 'A firm hold.' Same root as French 'bras,' &c.

26 *Is dressed in.* Cf. 'se dresser,' 'to raise oneself,' 'to stand.'

28 'To postpone his most important interests.'

33 *Ottomites.* Derived from Othman, or Osman, founder of the Turkish empire.

46 *Post-post-haste.* The phrase in the 16th century was the unabbreviated 'posting haste.'

52 *Good your grace.* Cf. "Dear my Lord."—*Julius Caesar*, ii. 1, 255. The possessive adjective is really combined with the noun, as in monsieur.

56 *So.* Before the adjective is more correct than our modern 'such.'

57 *Engluts.* French 'engloutir,' 'to swallow.'

61 *Mountebank.* 'A quack doctor,' 'one who mounts a bench to puff his wares.' Italian 'montambanco.' Cf. French 'saltimbanque.'

62 *To err,* either depends on *could not* in line 64; or *could not* stands for *could not be*, and its subject is *to err*.

64 *Sans.* A favourite word with Shakspeare. *As You Like It*, ii. 7, 166, "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything;" and *Tempest*, i. 2, 97, "A confidence sans bound."

69 *Proper*. 'Own.' Cf. line 265.

74 *In your own part*. 'On your side.' Cf. "In pain of your dislike."—2 *Henry VI.* iii. 2, 257.

80 'This is the *head and front*, and the *sum* of my offence.'

84 'Till within the last nine months.'

85 'All their chief work has been in the field.'

91 *My whole course of life*. Two nouns connected by *of* are often so far regarded as one noun, that the adjective is placed before the phrase instead of before the second noun. Cf. "My latter part of life."—*Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 6, 39. For the omission of a preposition cf. 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 5, 126—

"Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The newest sins the newest kind of ways."

92 *Conjuration*. Cf. "Mock not my senseless conjuration."—*Richard II.*, iii. 2, 23.

93 A parenthesis.

95 'Every emotion blushed at and revealed itself.'

99 'A person who could confess . . . is not of sound judgment.'

Maimed. 'Maim,' 'a bruise,' 'abatement of strength by hurts received.'

101 The ideas are compressed. 'An unmaimed judgment must look for . . .'

103 *Vouch*. From 'vocare.'

106 *Wrought*. From 'wring,' 'to twist,' 'to work upon.'

107 Note the double comparative. See note on i. 1, 95; but one quarto reads 'certain' for 'wider.'

Overt. French 'ouvert.'

108 Hunter explains *thin habits*, 'the thin garb in which you invest the matter.'

109 *Modern*. Used contemptuously. 'Commonplace,' 'trite.'

111 *Indirect*. 'Wrong,' 'unfair.'

Forced. 'Brought about by violence.'

117 'If she gives a bad account of me.'

129 *Still*. 'Always.' Cf. line 147; and "The still-vex'd Bermoothes."—*Tempest*, i. 2, 229. Also an adjective, "By still practice."—*Titus Andronicus*, iii. 2, 44.

Questioned me the story. For omission of preposition cf. "I cry thee mercy."—*Richard III.* iv. 4, 515.

131 The hemistich adds to the effect of the enumeration by giving the actor time to think over the list.

134 *Disastrous*. ('Dis-aster.') 'Ill-starred.'

136 *Imminent-dreadly*. Cf. 'horrible-steep,' 'horrible-dangerous,' 'daring-hardy.'

139 *Portance*. (French 'porter.') 'My bearing.'

140 *Antres*. Similar foreign words are 'aidant' and 'stelled (*Lear*).

141 *Quarries*. Der. 'quadrare,' the place where the blocks are squared. The post-position of the adjective is probably due to French influence.

142 *Hint*. 'A thing caught up.' From same root as 'hent' (Chaucer), 'to hold,' and 'hunt.' Cf. line 166.

143 *Cannibal*. Corruption of 'Caribal,' 'Caribbean.'

144 See Introduction, page viii.

147 *Still*. See note on 129.

Would. 'Were accustomed to.'

154 *By parcels*. 'Partially.' Cf. 'parcel-gilt.'

156 'I drew tears from her.'

163 *Her*. Object of 'made,' or ethic dative.

173 'Make the best of a bad business.'

176 'If she admits that she met him half-way, then I blame him no more.'

191 *Get*. Here for 'beget;' so also 'haviour,' 'larum,' &c.

194 'If it were not too late, I would gladly keep her from you.'

199 *Like yourself*. 'Either briefly, or as your case demands.'

Lay a sentence. 'Pronounce a maxim,' which he proceeds to do in rhyming verse, in sententious couplets, Brabantio answering in the same. Cf. *Luc*. 244, "A sentence, or an old man's saw."

200 *Grise*. Same derivation as 'progress,' &c. Also spelt 'grize.'

202 Cf. David's words when Bathsheba's child died, 2 *Sam*. xii. 22.

206 In other words, 'Che sara sara.'

209 *Bootless*. 'Useless.' From a root 'BAT' (appearing in 'better,' 'batten,' to improve in condition; 'best' for 'batista,' Gothic).

210 *So*. 'Upon that theory.'

212 *Sentence*. As in 199.

213 *Free*. 'Cheap.'

214 'Who, to get rid of pressing grief, has to draw upon his stock of patience.'

217 'These maxims cut both ways.'

219 Piercing would not be a remedy for a bruise, so that we must take the word as meaning merely reached.

221 The Duke here speaks in prose.

222 *Fortitude*. 'The strength.' Cf. "Despairing of his own arm's fortitude."—1 *Henry VI*. ii. 1, 17.

224 *Allow*. See note on i. 1, 128, and cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 2, 59, "That will allow me very worth his service."

225 'Opinion, that overawes all plans and their results.'

227 *To slubber*. From a Scandinavian word to 'lap,' and so to 'splash.'

230 In the novel of *Cinthio* the Moor protests against going.

232 'I admit that difficulty brings out quickness of action, which is natural to me.'

238 'Due arrangement as to her home and allowance.' *Exhibition* in this sense still so used at the Universities.

239 *Accommodation and besort*. 'Besorting accommodation.' The word is used here as noun, in *Lear* (i. 4, 272) as a verb, but only in these two passages.

243 *Unfolding*. 'Exposition.'

Prosperous; i.e. 'propitious.'

249 *To live*. Understand 'enough.' Somewhat similar, "Gross to sink."—*Venus and Adonis*, 150.

250 *Downright*. 'Uncontrolled.' For *storm* the first Quarto has *scorne*, which Johnson accepted.

252 *To*. 'In harmony with.' So, "You to his love must accord."—*As You Like It*, v. 4, 139.

260 *By*. The idea of instrumentality passes into causality, 'because of.' Cf. "My former love is by a newer object quite forgotten."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4, 195.

262 'My object in asking for it is not,' &c.

265 *Proper satisfaction*. 'Self-gratification.'

267 *Defend*. 'Prevent that you should think.'

269 *For*. 'Because.'

270 *Sed*. 'To close the eyes.' Der. French 'cil'; Latin 'cilium,' and 'celare,' 'to hide.' Originally a term of falconry; also occurs iii. 3, 210, where see note.

271 i.e. 'my eyes.'

272 *Disports*. 'Amusements.'

273 *Skillet*. 'Small pot.' O.F. 'escuelle.' From Latin 'scutella,' 'a small dish.' From it comes 'skilley,' gruel.

274 'May my reputation be damaged by all attacks, however base.'

284 Singular verb after plural relative. Cf. "Such commendations as becomes a maid."—*Henry VI.* v. 3, 177.

290 *Delighted*. Here for 'delightful,' as in *Cymbeline*, v. 4, 102—"To make my gift the more delayed, *delighted*."

294 Brabantio's unnatural pique belies his daughter's chastity. Punishment, in the shape of death, therefore justly falls on him. (Lloyd.) The disobedience in eloping was severely punished, but her subsequent lie about the handkerchief was not the deliberate attempt to conceal the truth, but the "momentary, superficial falsehood" (Dowden), in the face of Othello's excitement, and did not really touch the constancy of her heart. (Act iii. 4, 83.)

300 'An hour which will be interrupted by the calls of business.'

306 *Incontinently*. 'Immediately.'

307 Roderigo, the second dupe of Iago, differs from Othello in this, that the former never suspects honest Iago, the latter is constantly suspicious that he is being cheated, and is as constantly satisfied, notwithstanding the grossest indications that should have put him on his guard.

313 Iago's comparative youth is a touch in the picture. So young, yet so utterly unable to believe in the existence of goodness, even in Desdemona, pure as Dian's visage. "All things are to him common and unclean."—GERVINUS.

321 *Fond*. 'Foolish.'

322 *sq.* To Iago "reason alone is the measure of things." He is one of those "beings whose brains have become sharp with the hardening of their hearts."—G. In this passage he poses as the sceptic who ignores any higher constraint of the passions than that supplied by the reason and the will.

326 *Gender*. 'Kind.'

328 *Corrigible*. 'Corrective.' The termination is strictly passive, but *contemptible* is used active in *Much Ado*, ii. 3, 188. Milton (*Samson Agonistes*) uses *deceivable* both active and passive: "What not in man deceivable and vain;" "Blind, and thereby deceivable."

334 *Sect*. 'Cutting.'

340 *Stead*. 'Help.'

342 *Defeat thy favour*; i.e. 'conceal thy face.' Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2, 91, "As well as I do know your outward favour." Also below, iii. 4, 125.

347 *Answerable sequestration*. 'Corresponding estrangement.'

349 *Locusts*. (1) A winged insect; (2) a tree with edible pods.

350 *Coloquintida*. Colocynth, a bitter yellow gourd.

354 i.e. by committing mortal sin with Desdemona. Iago is here ironical.

The repetition, *Put money in thy purse*, is equivalent to 'This is your game. But you must be prepared to pay for it.'

391 *If I would*. 'If I were willing to.'

398 *Proper*. 'Fine,' 'pretty.' Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 2, 63, "As proper a man as ever went on four legs."

399 *Plume up*. 'Make to triumph.'

403 *Dispose*. For 'disposition.' So also 'accuse' for 'accusation,' 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 1, 160. 'Impose,' *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 3, 8.

ACT II. SCENE I.

3 'Twixt the heaven and the main. 'On the horizon.'

7 *Ruffian*. Not used elsewhere by Shakspeare as a verb.

9 *Mortise*. A hole in a piece of wood to receive the tenon in carpentry. Possibly derived from Arabic 'murtazza' (of an

arrow), 'fixed in the mark.' Cf. "To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things are mortised and enjoined."—*Hamlet*, iii. 3, 20.

12 *Chidden*. And so angry.

13 *Shaked*. The old infinitive being 'shaken,' Elizabethan writers frequently used the form in *ed* for the participle. Cf. "O, when degree is shaken."—*Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3, 101.

Mane. From same Sk. root as Latin 'monile,' a necklace.

14 *Burning*. Cf. "ἄμμορος λοερπῶν Ὀκεανοῖο."—HOM., *Iliad*, xviii. 489; and, "Metuent aequore tingui."—VIRG., *Georgics*, i. 246.

15 Cf. again— "Liquidique immunia (free of) ponti,

Alloquitur gelido proxima signa polo.

Parrhasides stellae, (namque omnia nosse potestis)

Aequoreas nunquam cum subeatis aquas."

OVID, *Fast.* iv. 575.

Molestation. 'Disturbance.'

17, 18 *Enchafed, ensheltered, embayed*. *En* was a favourite prefix with Shakspere, especially in this play. We shall find also 'encave,' 'enwheel,' 'enfetter'd,' 'enmesh.' Perhaps with participles he likes some kind of prefix as a substitute for the old prefix.

19 *Bear*. Subjunctive. Cf. "One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him."—*Twelfth Night*, i. 5, 171.

22 'Their plan is foiled.'

23 *Sufferance*. For 'suffering.' Cf. "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."—*Merchant of Venice*, i. 3, 111.

24 *In most part*. The article often omitted after a preposition. Cf. "In absence of thy friend" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1, 59); "In number of our friends." (*Julius Caesar*, iii. 1. 216.)

26 A ship equipped by the inland city of Verona.

32 The repeated pronoun is found even in a simple sentence: "The skipping king he ambled up and down."

1 *Henry IV.* iii. 2, 60.

39 Line 3 explains this line. 'As far as the point where we cease to distinguish sea and sky.'

• 41 'We may expect fresh arrivals any moment.'

49 *Allowance*. Cf. i. 3, 224.

50 'Not in danger from being overloaded with fear.'

60 *Wived*. The verb occurs *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2, 145: "I had rather he should shrive me than wive me."

62 *Paragons*. A Spanish word formed of two prepositions—'para,' 'con.' 'In comparison with.' The Spanish 'para' (or 'pora') is really itself two prepositions—'pro,' 'ad.'

63 *Quirks*. 'Tricks.'

Blazoning. There are two words—(a) 'blazon,' a proclamation. (b) 'blazon,' to portray armorial bearings; French 'blason,' a coat of arms.

64, 65 'In her natural beauty baffles the clever person who would describe her.' *Ingener* also 'an engineer' in *Hamlet* (iii. 4, 206), "The ingener hoist with his own petard."

67 'He has' was often pronounced and written 'has.'

69 *Guttered*. 'Worn into channels.'

70 'Who conspire to delay.'

71 'From a mere love of beauty.'

72 *Mortal*. Here and often 'deadly.' "This news is mortal to the queen" (*Winter's Tale*, iii. 2, 149); and, "He entered the mortal gate of the city;" i.e. where others had fallen. (*Coriolanus*, ii. 2, 115.) Also iii. 3, 355, *infra*.

76 'Who lands here a week sooner than we expected.'

Se'nnight. 'Seven night.' Not to be confused with 'sennet,' a flourish of trumpets (French 'saynète').

79 *Tall*. A stock epithet for ships. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1, 6: "The carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried." The word also means 'stout' (German 'tüchtig'), but is usually ironical in that sense.

80 The metaphor is kept up through the line.

82 *Riches*. May be for 'richesse,' a singular noun; but there are traces of a verb plural in -s; changed by editors where possible, "My old bones aches" (*Tempest* iii. 3, 2) being in the Globe edition printed *ache*; but

"Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits."—*Sonnet* 41, is beyond alteration.

97 He explains to Iago that it would be hyper-modesty if he merely gave her a formal greeting.

105 'When I wish to sleep.'

117 'I will not come to *you* for a character or an epitaph.'

123 'I beguile my sadness by appearing merry.'

126 'I am working at it.'

127 *Pate*. Der. 'plate,' 'the flat, shaven head;' 'platta,' in Low Latin, the clerical tonsure.

Frize, or *frieze*. Cloth of Friesland, from which, being rough, it was difficult to remove stains without tearing away the nap.

130, 131 The clever woman finds a means to make use of her charms.

133 *Thereto*. 'Besides.'

139 *Fond*. Cf. i. 3, 320.

143 'A plain woman is as dangerous as any other.'

148 *Put on the vouch*. 'Instigate or incite the testimony.' Cf. "He puts on this confusion."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1, 2. S. T. Coleridge remarked that Shakspeare puts all sarcasms upon women into the mouth of villains. Cf. line 313.

149 *That*. The use of 'that' for 'who' implies a hypothetical rather than definite person.

156 By the despised salmon's tail he means Othello, whom she had chosen in preference to the wealthy, curled darlings of Venice. The tails of the salmon were the cook's perquisite.

161 His bathos means 'she is only fit to have silly children, and keep the tally at a beer-house.'

165 *Liberal*. 'Wanton.' Cf. "Like a liberal villain."—*Much Ado*, iv. 1, 93.

167 *Relish*. 'Be pleased with.'

171 *Gyre*. 'Fetter.'

185 'I am as delighted as surprised.'

194 'There cannot be much more such happiness in store for me.'

203 The pegs on which the strings of the instrument are strained.

206 *Desired*. 'Loved.'

208 *Out of fashion*. 'More than good breeding allows.'

221 *Directly*. 'Manifestly.'

223 *Lay thy finger thus*; i.e. 'on thy lips.'

226 *But for*. 'Only for.'

229 *Favour*. 'Face.' Cf. "As well as I do know your outward favour."—*Julius Caesar*, i. 2, 91.

230 *Sympathy in years*. Perhaps here, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1, 137, Shakspeare is thinking of his own marriage.

236 *Pregnant*. 'Ready.' Cf. "Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee."—*Hamlet*, iii. 2, 66.

Position. 'Assertion, capable of being defended.'—Cf. iii. 3, 234.

241 *Slipper*. For 'slippery.'

242 *Stamp*. 'Make valid and current.'

249 *Condition*. 'Temper.' Cf. "'Tis a condition they account gentle."—*Coriolanus*, ii. 3, 103.

259 *Paddle*. Corruption of 'pattle,' 'to pat gently.'

277 *Qualification*. 'They will only be appeased by the dismissal of Cassio.'

288 *Without the which*; i.e. 'the removal of which.'

296 *Apt*. 'Natural.' Cf. "School-maids change their names by vain, though apt, affection."—*Measure for Measure*, i. 4, 48. See v. 2, 177, *infra*.

303 *To diet*. 'To feed.'

312 *Trash*. Originally, drift-wood found under trees, which breaks with a *trash* (same derivation).

313 *Putting on*. 'Instigation,' as in line 148.

314 'To have at an advantage.' Cf. "Now, infidel, I have you on the hip."—*Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, 334.

315 *Carb*. 'Form,' 'manner.'

321 'Evil plans are developed as they proceed.'

SCENE 2.

2 *Importing*. 'Relating.'

3 *Mere*. 'Absolute.' Cf. "The mere despair of surgery."—*Macbeth*, iv. 3, 152.

8 *Offices*. 'Serving-rooms.' *Richard II.* i. 2, 69, "Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones."

SCENE 3.

37 *Other*. That is, than drinking toasts.

41 'The one cup which I have had, though cleverly mixed, has upset my weak head.'

49 *Dislike* and *like* were usually impersonal as synonymous with 'please.' Cf. "The music likes you not."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 2, 56.

50 *Fasten*. 'To palm upon by persuasion.' Cf.—

"Thinking, by his face,

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage."

Julius Cæsar, v. I, II.

55 *Caroused*. German 'gar,' 'quite,' 'aus,' 'out.' Used of emptying a bumper.

56 *Pottle*. Diminutive of 'pot.'

58 'Are always on guard where their honour is concerned.'

59 *Elements*. As it were, a pure extract or quintessence.

66 *Rouse* occurs also thrice in *Hamlet*, a play of the same period, but not elsewhere. It is a Scandinavian word meaning 'a drinking-bout.'

71 Iago's feigned gaiety is "the grin of a death's head, the mirth of a ghoul."—DOWDEN.

80 *Swag-bellied*. Cf. Palsgrave, "As a fatte person's belly swaggeth (or sways) as he goth."

84 *You*. See note on i. I, 49.

85 *He sweats not*. 'It is no great matter to him.'

86 *Almain*. German.

92 The mention of England suggests the second song, which is an old ballad to be found in Percy's *Reliques* (published 1765).

96 *Lown*. 'Loon.' Originally 'lowm.' Perhaps connected with a Scotch word 'loamy,' 'slow.'

104 Cassio is already incoherent.

118 A British soldier is not considered drunk if he can go through his facings.

132 *Odd*. 'Occasional,' 'incidental.'

135 'He will keep awake twenty-four hours.' The word *set* was originally *sept*, a convenient odd number for a series of games.

144 'Should run such risks by having such a man for his second-in-command.'

145 *Ingraft*. For the participle cf. "He was *contract* to Lady Lucy" (*Richard III.* iii. 7, 179); and, "I of ladies most *deject* and wretched." The omission of the *ed* is common in verbs whose terminations already resemble participles; e.g. also 'hoist,' 'disjoint,' 'heat.'

152 *Twiggen*. For the termination *-en* ('made of') cf. 'threaden file' (*Lover's Complaint*, 33) and 'silken.'

155 *Massard*. 'Head,' or possibly 'jaw.' French 'mâchoire'; or as the verb, to 'mazer,' occurs in Ben Jonson, possibly from 'mazer,' 'a bowl.' Cf. Italian 'zucca,' 'gourd,' 'bowl,' 'skull.'

170 *To turn Turk*. 'To undergo a complete change for the worse.' Cf. "An if you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star."—*Much Ado*, iii. 4, 57. In this passage the proverb is especially appropriate, the Turks having just been prevented by the storm from attacking them.

173 'I will kill instantly anyone who strikes a blow in his own quarrel.'

180 *Quarter*. 'Peace.' Cf. "Keeps fair quarter with his bed."—*Comedy of Errors*, ii. 1, 108.

188 *You are thus forgot*. 'Have thus forgotten yourself.' Cf. "If I had been remembered."—*Richard III.* ii. 4, 23.

190 Early English had an inflected infinitive in *-en*. This was gradually lost, and *to* took its place, though some verbs claimed exemption from the new *regime*, on the ground of being auxiliary. The distinction was vague. Cf. "I list not prophecy" (*Winter's Tale*, iv. 1, 26) with act iv. 2, 14 of this play.

193 *Censure* (like the French 'succès,' and 'success,' iii. 3, 222) was a colourless word, meaning 'opinion' in Elizabethan times. See note on i. 2, 22. Cf. iv. 1, 281 *infra*, and

"How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion."

Winter's Tale, ii. 1, 37.

"Give your censures in this weighty business."

Richard III. ii. 2, 144.

195 *Opinion*. 'Reputation.'

"It lends a lustre and more great opinion to our enterprise."

Henry IV., iv. 1, 77.

199 'While I avoid speaking, which is now painful.'

203 'Unless it be a sin to defend,' &c. The superfluity of the *it* is more apparent in the order of the text.

206 *Collied*. 'Obscured.' Cf. "Brief as the lightning in the collied night."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1, 145 (der. 'coal'); and a 'colly' (partly black) dog.

209 *In my rebuke*; i.e. 'in receiving it.'

215 *Manage*. Literally to 'handle,' 'wield.'

218 *Affined*. Latin 'affinis,' 'related.'

220 'Do not so press me.'

228 *To execute.* 'To wreak vengeance' upon him.

258 Notice the rhyme just before the exit.

265 The real Iago is more clearly revealed here.

267 *Sense* of pain.

274 'He punishes more to appease the islanders than because he is angry.'

276 *Affright* does not suit the comparison. Cassio is the dog, the natives are meant by the lion; he beats the former to appease (reading suggested by Staunton) the latter.

281 *Fustian.* Another stuff named from the place of manufacture—Fustât, an old name of Cairo. Here it means bombast.

301 *Moraler.* For the suffix cf. 'pulpiter' (*As You Like It*, iii. 2, 163), 'sworder' (2 *Henry VI.* iv. 1, 135).

306 "Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra."

VIRGIL, *Æn.* vi. 576.

317 *A.* For 'one.' Cf. "These foils have all a [one] length."
—*Hamlet*, v. 2, 277.

327 'She considers she has not done all she might if she does only what is requested.'

330 *Crack* means also a child (*Coriolanus*, i. 3, 74); but probably no pun is intended here (a late play).

338 'I despair of.'

347 *Fruitful.* 'Liberal.' Cf. "A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us."—*Henry VIII.* i. 3, 56.

349 'She could win the Moor over to anything.'

350 The Cross.

354 *Function.* 'Operation of reason.' Cf. "Function is smothered in surmise."—*Macbeth*, i. 3, 140. Iago, solus, feels the sting of conscience, but very readily settles matters with it—for the moment.

355 *Parallel.* 'As direct as the other.'

358 *Suggest.* Here 'to tempt.' "What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee?"—*Richard II.* iii. 4, 75.

370 *Cry.* 'Pack.' "You common cry of curs."—*Coriolanus*, iii. 3, 120.

382 *Against the sun.* 'In a good aspect.'

384 *Mass.* From the phrase, "Ite, missa est" ("Go, the congregation is dismissed"), used at the end of the service. Hence 'missal,' 'a mass-book,' and 'Christ,' 'Candle-mass,' &c.

386 *Billeted.* From 'billa,' corruption of 'bulla,' 'a papal bull,' so called from the leaden seal, the literal meaning of 'bulla' being 'bubble.'

391 *Jump.* See note on i. 3, 5.

393 See note on line 258.

ACT III. SCENE I.

24 *Quillets*. Short for *quidlibet*, 'anything you choose.'

43 *A Florentine*. 'Much less a Venetian.'

45 *Displeasure*. 'The disfavour you are in.'

50 See ii. 3, 274, *sq.*

Bestow. 'Stow.' Cf. "Bestow your luggage where you found it."—*Tempest*, v. 299.

SCENE 3.

12 'His estrangement shall not be more serious than policy demands.'

16 'Increase from circumstances.'

23 Hawks were tamed by being kept awake.

24 *Shrift*. Usually 'confession;' here 'a confessional.'

64, *sq.* 'He has hardly committed any fault which would be popularly considered worthy of a personal punishment, except that, at these times, we have to sacrifice our best men to conciliate the enemy.'

70 *Mammering*. 'Shaking.' "My quill remained in *mamerie*, quivering in my quaking fingers."—WOTTON. Possibly *mammer* was like *stammer*, onomatopoeitic. The Scots editors (1751) suggest that its origin is French 'm'amour,' which men were apt often to repeat when not prepared to give a direct answer.

76 'This is no great suit after all.'

79 *Peculiar*. 'Private.'

82 *Poise*. 'Weight.'

83 'An alarming thing to grant.'

90 *Perdition catch*, &c. This somewhat stilted expression is ridiculed in Sheridan's *Critic*, being plagiarized by Mr. Puff in his tragedy. See note on 461.

113 *Purse*. 'To wrinkle up, like a purse drawn together.'

118 *And, for*. 'And, because.'

123 *Close delations*. 'Secret informations.'

129 Iago's best reason for believing Cassio honest is that he seems so, it having just been admitted that men are not always what they seem.

132 *Ruminate*. Latin 'rumen' = 'gullet;' 'rug-ire,' 'to roar.'

140 *Leets*. 'Manor courts.' Der. (?) A. S. 'lath,' 'an assembly.'

143 'If you believe him to be wronged without telling him so.'

146 *Vicious*. 'Wrong.'

153 Iago's pretended reluctance excites Othello.

157 The antecedent is omitted, owing to the emphatic position of the relative, which by its position retains a trace of its having been an interrogative.

166 *Green-eyed jealousy*. The same epithet is found in the *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2, 110. 'That which sees all things discoloured and disfigured.'

169, 70 In these two lines Othello's feelings are depicted.

173 *Fineless*. 'Infinite.' See note on ii. 1, 82.

178 *Still*. 'Always.' See note on i. 3, 129, and cf. "The still discordant wavering multitude."—2 *Henry IV*. Ind. 19.

180 *Resolved*. 'Set free from doubt.'

182 *Exsufflicate*. 'Swollen,' 'puffed out.'

183 *Matching*. 'Similar to.'

193 'I shall be justified in.'

195 *As I am bound*. 'As is my duty.' His objections have now disappeared.

206 *Country*. The old possessive without the suffix. Cf. "In hope to stonden in his lady grace."—CHAUCER, Prologue *Canterbury Tales*, 88.

210 *Seel*. See note on i. 3, 270. If *oak* be the right reading, the reference is to the grain of the wood; but Staunton plausibly conjectures *hawk*.

211 The folios here read *too* for *to*. The phrase *too blame* is very common in Elizabethan authors, and occurs thrice in the folios (*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1, 66; *Richard III*. ii. 2, 13). *Too* is an emphatic form of *to*, and the words are often confused.

212 *Of*. 'About,' 'concerning.' Cf. "Desire you of more acquaintance."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1, 183.

215 *Yot*. Anglicised form of 'iota,' the smallest Greek letter.

222 See note on ii. 3, 193, and cf. "My heart misgave me some evil success."—SIDNEY's *Arcadia*.

229 Cf. i. 2, 67, *sq*.

234 *Position*. See note ii. 1, 236.

236 *Recoiling*. Like a spring.

237 *Fall*. 'Begin.' Cf. "Before you fall to play."—*Hamlet*, v. 2, 216. "His soldiers fell to spoil."—*Julius Caesar*, v. 3, 7.

238 *Happily*. 'Haply.' Cf. "That great baby is not yet out of his swaddling clouts. Happily he's the second time come to them."—*Hamlet*, ii. 2, 402.

249 *Means*. 'Adopted by him to gain his end.'

250 *Strain his entertainment*. 'Big for him to be employed.' Cf. "Entertained for a perfumer."—*Much Ado*, i. 3, 60.

253 'Consider my fears officious.'

260 *Haggard*. 'An untrained hawk.' Der. doubtful.

261 *Yesses*. Straps by which hawks' legs were tied.

262 Johnson's explanation that a hawk was not let fly down the wind unless it was intended to get rid of her, does not explain the whistling, which would be supposed to have the contrary effect.

265 *Chamberers*. 'Civilians.'

Am declined. For the auxiliary cf. "Brutus is ascended."—*Julius Caesar*, iii. 2, 11.

274 *Prerogated*. 'Exempted from the evil.'

275 *Forked plague.* The horns supposed to grow on the forehead of one whose wife had been unfaithful. The sentence is complicated by the insertion of the antecedent *then*.

276 *Quicken.* 'Are born.' From the root of Latin 'vivo'; Greek 'blos'; French 'vive.'

278 Here the better genius speaks.

280 *Generous.* 'Noble.' Cf. "A strange petition to touch the hearts of generosity" (*i.e.* the patricians).—*Coriolanus*, i. 1, 215.

282 See note on 211, *supra*.

287 *Napkin.* For 'handkerchief.' "Dip their napkins in his sacred blood" (*Julius Caesar*, iii. 2, 138); and elsewhere.

296 *Ta'en out.* Subsequent allusions (*sc.* 4, 190) prove this to mean 'copied.'

299 *Fantasy.* 'Imagination.' Cf. "Fantastic [imaginary] summer's heat."—*Richard II.* i. 3, 299.

319 *Be not acknown on it.* 'Do not confess to the knowledge of it.'

328 *Act.* 'Action.'

Poppy. Whence opium is made; mandragora, or mandrake. (*Atropa*.) Cf.—

Cl. Give me to drink mandragora.

Ch. Why, madam?

Cl. That I might sleep out this great gap of time."

Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5, 4.

The root when "torn out of the earth" (*Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3, 47) was thought to resemble the human figure, and to cause madness and death.

331 *Syrup.* Through Arabic 'sharáb' (wine), from the same root as 'sherbet.'

332 Cf. "Great griefs medicine the less."—*Cymbeline*, iv. 2, 243.

333 *Owedst.* 'Ownest.' Cf. i. 1, 66, and, "The slaughter of the prince that owed the crown."—*Richard III.* iv. 4, 142.

335 *Avaunt.* Der. 'en avant.'

350 'That make ambition a good quality.'

355 *Mortal.* See note on ii. 1, 72.

365 *Probation.* The word is now more limited in sense.

369 *Abandon remorse.* 'Act without regarding conscience.' The word 'remorse' is often synonymous with 'pity,' but not here.

373 *That*; *i.e.* 'what you have done already.'

376 'Your simplicity of mind is here a defect.'

378 *Direct.* 'Straightforward.'

380 *Sith.* 'Since.'

384 *Be* is used rather than the indicative in dependent sentences with a notion of doubt. No line so well brings out the contrast as this; but cf.—

"*Pr.* I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

Sh. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock."

1 Henry IV. ii. 4, 573,

where there is a doubt in the speaker's mind as to the exact hour, but he is sure it is past twelve.

412 *Prick'd.* 'Instigated.'

417 *That* is the relative here. Cf. "Who so gross *that* seeth not this palpable device?"—*Richard III.* iii. 6, 11.

429 *Shrewd.* 'Mischievous.' From 'shrewen,' 'to curse,' and 'shrewe,' 'malicious.'

449 *Fraught.* 'Load.'

450 *Aspics.* Greek 'ἀσπίς.'

453 One of the Moor's nautical images. "The Euxine pours into the Mediterranean a steady stream, much less salt than the water of the latter, as coming from the Danube and the Russian rivers. The current from the Atlantic is also perpetual. Yet the volume of water in the Mediterranean does not increase, the influx being probably necessary to compensate for the evaporation caused by the sun."—MOBERLY'S *Southern Europe*.

461 Sheridan's Mr. Puff probably had this scene in mind in the *Critic*. See note on line 90.

464 *Clip.* Originally 'to hold tight;' and then, as the shears press down on the cloth in the act of cutting, the later meaning superseded the earlier. For the latter cf. "Let me clip you in arms as sound."—*Coriolanus*, i. 6, 29.

468 *Remorse.* See note on 365, *supra*.

Minx. Possibly short for *minikin*, from a Gothic word 'minna,' 'love;' whence 'minnesinger,' 'singer of love.'

SCENE 4.

16 *Catechise.* Der. through 'κατηλίσκει,' from 'κατά,' 'down,' 'ἡχῆ,' 'a sound,' 'to din down into one's ears.'

22 *The doing it.* 'The' frequently precedes a transitive verb. Cf. "In the delaying death."—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 2, 172. "The locking up the spirits."—*Cymbeline*, i. 5, 41.

26 *Crusadoes.* A Portuguese coin.

But. 'Unless.'

38 *Argues.* 'Proves.'

Fruitfulness. 'Liberality.' See note on ii. 3, 347.

Sequester. 'Separation.' The word originally meant a trustee, to whom property was devised. Cf. i. 3, 351.

47 See Introduction.

49 *Chuck.* 'Chicken.'

51 *Rheum.* Greek 'ῥεῦμα,' 'a flowing discharge.' Often *tears*.

62 *Loathly.* Adjective.

Her. The meaning is obvious, as is also the loose writing.

66 *Darling*. A diminutive, 'little dear.'

72 *Fury*. 'Madness.'

74 *Mummy*. From a Persian word 'móm,' 'wax used in embalming.'

83 *An*. The theory that 'an' meant 'if' is rather weakened by the fact that the word was often written 'and.'

105 *Hungerly*. For -ly attached to a noun, to make an adverb, cf. 'angery' (*Macbeth*, iii. 5, 1), also 'cheerly' and 'silverly;' and note the adjectives 'fellowly,' 'traitorly.'

119, *sq.* 'Simply to know that would be a satisfaction, and I would make the best of it.'

123 *Advocation*. 'Pleading.'

125 *Favour*. As in ii. 1, 229.

128 *Blank*. 'Centre of target.' Cf. "As level as the cannon to his blank."—*Hamlet*, iv. 1, 42.

143 *Puddled*. 'Make muddy.'

152 *With my soul* as judge.

Suborn. 'To furnish or provide secretly.' Especially used of providing a perjured witness.

157 *Toy*. 'Idle fancy.' Cf.—

"The very place puts toys of desperation
Into every brain."—*Hamlet*, i. 4, 75.

Continue. 'Unbroken by other business.'

194 *Addition*. 'Outward honours.' Cf. "Bear hence a great addition earned in thy death."—*Troilus*, iv. 5, 141.

195 *Woman'd*. A participle derived from a noun means 'endowed with.' Cf. 'childed,' 'year'd,' 'grav'd.'

ACT IV. SCENE I.

16 *Essence*. 'An existence.'

21 Where there was an invalid, this sight might be thought portentous.

23 Iago would attach no importance to that. Othello says that that is unlike his usual wisdom.

27 *sq.* The sentence is compressed. 'Some by importunity over-persuade; others give way before the forward folly of their mistress. Each class are ready enough to blab.'

43 *Shakes*. Old copies in this and other passages have the verb in the singular after a relative with plural antecedent. *Epilepsy*, from the future of 'ἐπιλαμβάνω,' 'to seize on.'

47 See note on iii.

54 *Lethargy*. 'Heavy sleep.' Der. 'λήθη,' 'oblivion.' Mark the masculine possessive, where we should use the neuter. Cf. "The gate opened to them of his own accord."—*Acts* xii. 10.

Its was not originally used in the Authorized Version, but occurs in Shakspeare. In Ben Jonson both *its* and *it* are found possessive.

76 *In a patient list.* 'Within the limits of patience.' 'List,' literally 'the seluage of cloth;' then 'a place enclosed by a ring or border.'

80 'Made your fit an excuse to dismiss him.'

83 *Fleers.* 'Mockings.'

89 *Spleen.* 'Wrath.'

102 *Unbookish.* 'Ignorant.'

105 *Addition.* 'Title' (of lieutenant). Cf.—

"Where great additions swells, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honour."—*All's Well that Ends Well*, ii. 3, 134.

108 *Dower*, or *power*. Readings vary. The former is a corruption for 'dotarium.'

109 *Speed.* 'Be successful.'

Caitiff. With French 'chétif,' from 'captivus.'

While Iago draws out Cassio, Othello is watching and listening.

121 Shakspere had been studying for the Roman plays about this time.

123 *Customer.* 'An immoral woman.'

126 See note on 43, *supra*.

130 'Have you settled with me?'

139 *Bauble.* Originally 'the fool's mace.' Der. from its swinging from 'bobble,' frequently of 'bob.'

144 *Hale.* Another form of 'haul.' Cf. Acts viii. 3, "Haling men and women committed them to prison."

149 *Before me.* A euphemism for 'before God.' Cf. "Fore me! This fellow speaks."—*Coriolanus*, i. 1, 124.

150 *Fitchew.* 'A pole-cat.'

160 *Hobby-horse.* From O.F. 'hobin,' 'an ambling horse.'

163 *Should.* The past tense of 'shall,' used for 'must.' Cf. "He that parts us *shall* (must) bring a brand from heaven."—*Lear*, v. 3, 22.

188 'In the killing.'

204 *Condition.* 'Position.'

208 *Fond.* 'Foolish.'

209 *Patent.* 'Permission.'

224 'I will dispose of him.'

240 Othello has reached the end of the letter, reading to himself.

244 *Atone.* Der. 'at one;' 'to reconcile.'

257 *Teem with.* 'Bring forth.'

258 *Falls.* 'Transitive.' Cf. "Her mantle she did fall."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 143. "They fall their crests."

—*Julius Caesar*, iv. 2, 23.

Cf. "The mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers."

2 *Henry VI.* iii. 1, 226.

268 While speaking to Lodovico he pauses to rail at Desdemona.

275 Lodovico cannot account for the Moor's demeanour.

281 *Censure*. Originally 'opinion, good or bad.' See note on ii. 3, 193, *supra*.

285 Probably the second clause of Iago's speech is an aside.

290 'There will be no occasion for me to speak.'

SCENE 2.

3 *She*. Cf. "Praise him that got thee, *she* that gave thee suck."—*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3, 252. Shakspeare's inflexion of personal pronouns is very irregular.

12 *Durst to wager*. See note on ii. 3, 190.

13 *Other*. Here a singular pronoun. Cf. "Every time gentler than other."—*Julius Caesar*, i. 2, 231.

30 *Mystery*. 'Business.' Cf. "Instructions, manners, mysteries, and trades."—*Timon*, iv. 1, 18.

48 *They*; i.e. 'the gods in heaven.'

54, 55 Text doubtful here. Proposed changes numerous and unsatisfactory. The Quartos—

"A fixed figure, for the time of Scorne
To point his slow vnmoving finger(s) at."

The Folios—

"The fixed figure for the time of Scorn,
To point the slow and moving finger at."

The most popular changes seem to be *hand* for *time*, or—

"The fixed figure of the time, for Scorn
To point his slow and moving finger."

There are few textual difficulties in this play, *ergo* make sure of this one.

61 *Cistern*. 'From cista, a chest.'

62 *Knot and gender*. 'To breed.'

Turn. Cf. "He has turned his colour."—*Hamlet*, ii. 2, 542.

78 *Bawdy*. 'Bold.'

99 *With who*. See note on line 3, *supra*.

104 *Water*; i.e. 'tears.'

108 *Have I been behaved*. A relic of the passive is still kept up in 'well-behaved.'

109 *Opinion*. 'Ill opinion.'

121 *Callet*. 'A bad woman.'

128 *Beshrew*. 'Curse.'

130 *Eternal*. 'For infernal.'

132 *Cog*. 'Cheat.' There is a Welsh word, 'coeg,' 'empty.'

Coven. Properly, 'act as a cousin,' thence, 'to sponge upon,' 'beguile.'

139 *Abused*. 'Cheated.'

141 *Companions*. In a bad sense. Cf., "Now, you companion" (Menenius to the Sentinel, *Coriolanus*, v. 2, 65); and Brutus to the poet, the 'jigging fool,' "Companion, hence!" — *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3, 138.

145 *Squire*. Also 'contemptuous.'

158 *Divorce*. Der. 'divertere.'

163 *Addition*. 'Title,' as in iv. 1, 105.

165 *Humour*. Here 'anger.'

170 *Stay*. 'Wait for the meal.'

175 *Daff*. 'Put off.' Same word as 'doff.'

177 *Conveniency*. 'Enjoyment of advantage.'

190 *Votarist*. 'Votary.' Used in either gender.

197 *Fobbed*. 'Put off.'

211 A most natural objection.

229 *Linger*, as a trans. verb, appears in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1, 4: "She lingers my desires."

SCENE 3.

Tempus, After Supper.

7, sq. An aside.

12 *Incontinent*. 'Immediately.' See i. 3, 306.

32 *But*. Preventive. Cf.—

"Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?"

—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 2, 95.

At one side. We still say *a-side* (*at side*), but *on one side*.

53 She has forgotten the words.

59 Emilia avoids giving a direct affirmative.

80 It is only wrong if it becomes known to the world; now, if one is to gain the world for it, (68) the world is at your command, and therefore it is no matter.

92 *Having*. 'Property.' Cf., "The gentleman is of no having."—*Merry Wives*, iii. 2, 73.

93 'We are vexed.'

106 *Mend*. 'Amend' (intrans.).

ACT V. SCENE I.

1 *Bulk*. A stall of a shop. Cf. "Stalls, bulks, windows."—*Coriolanus*, ii. 1, 226. Connected with 'balk,' 'a beam or partition;' whence also 'to baulk.'

2 The weapon and the word are of Spanish origin.

11 *Quat*. 'Pimple.'

Sense. 'Quick.'

14 *Live*. Subjunctive, 'If Roderigo live.' This mood used conditionally sometimes precedes the subject :

"Live a thousand years,

I shall find myself so fit to die."

16 *Bobbed*. Cf. "You shall not bob us out of our melody."—*Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 1, 75. The verb (intrans.) means 'to knock against,' and (trans.) also 'to thump.' "Beaten, bobbed, and thumped."—*Richard III.* v. 3, 334.

23 *Gait*. The older spelling was 'gate,' which meant 'street, or way,' and appears in all northern languages. Cf. German 'gasse,' 'a street.' From the same root came the word 'gantlet' (in the phrase 'to run the gantlet'), which was formerly 'gantlope,' a corruption of Swedish 'gatlopp,' literally 'a running down a lane.' (Swedish 'gata,' 'a way.')

26 *Thine*; i.e. 'coat.'

30 *Surgeon*. Originally 'chirurgeon.' Greek 'χελρ,' 'hand;' 'ἐργεω,' 'to work.'

34 *Hies*. 'Hastens.'

37 *Passage*. 'A going to and fro of people.' Cf. "In the stirring passage of the day."—*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1, 99.

41 *Heavy*. 'Gloomy.' Used elsewhere only of the eye in this sense. Lodovico's feeling is that it may be a plot; that some one is pretending to be wounded in order to induce the unwary to give assistance, and render themselves an easy prey to confederates.

64 *Be*. Dubitative subj.

Garter. (French 'jarretière.') From an old word 'garret,' diminutive of 'gar,' 'leg.'

85 *Trash*. See note on ii. 1, 312.

106 *Gastness*. 'Ghastliness.'

Fordoes. 'Undoes.' Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1, 244 :

"The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life."

SCENE 2.

4 *Whiter skin than snow*. For the noun interposed in the adjective phrase cf. "Bid these unknown friends to us, welcome."—*Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, 65.

5 *Alabaster*. Said to be from Alabastron, town in Egypt.

11 *Pattern*. 'Example,' 'master-piece.' "This pattern of thy butcheries."—*Richard III.* i. 2, 54.

12 Prometheus. "παντέχνου πυρὸς σέλας

Θηητοῖσι κλέψας ὥπασεν."—ÆSCH. *P. V.* 7.

17 Kissing her again.

20 'I cannot help weeping, but I am pitiless; my sorrow is like the love of the gods, who take those they love.'

28 *Grace*. 'Pardon.'

40 'My only sin consists in having loved you against my father's wishes.'

43 *Nether*. 'Lower.' A Scandinavian word.

52 *Presently*. 'At the present time.' Very common in this sense ("Since presently your souls must part your bodies," *Richard II.* iii. 1, 3); and occasionally in that of 'soon'—

"A testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod."

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 2, 58.

65 'If I hate you (for your denials) it ceases to be a sacrifice.'

92 *Like*. 'Likely.' "You are like to lose your hair."—*Tempest*, iv. 237.

109 *Error*. 'Movement.'

110 *More nearer*. See note on i. 1, 95.

134 *False as water*. The comparison is as old as Jacob's farewell to his sons: "Reuben, unstable as water."—*Gen.* xlix. 4. The poet Keats chose for his epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water;" and the words are engraven on his tombstone near the "keen pyramid" of Cestius, outside the walls of Rome.

145 *Chrysolite*. 'χρυσός,' 'gold;' 'λίθος,' 'stone.' The 'chrysoprase,' mentioned in same passage of *Rev.* xxi. 30, is from 'πράσινον,' 'a green leek,' and is a yellowish-green stone.

151 'His villainy has deceived your love.'

158 Othello threatens Emilia.

163 *Dolt*. From 'dull.'

171 'Must say that you have instigated them to murder.'

177 *Apt*. See note on ii. 1, 296.

183 *Charm*. 'Make silent.' Cf. "To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue."—*Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 2, 58.

197 *Perchance I will*. This expression ('will' for 'shall') is common in Shakspeare.

203 *Shows*. 'Appears.' Cf. "Of very soft society and great showing" (appearance).—*Hamlet*, v. 2, 113.

214 *Recognizance*. 'Badge,' 'token.'

As liberal as the north. "The grisly north disgorges such a tempest forth."—*Pericles*, iii. prol. 47.

226 *By fortune*. 'By chance.'

233 *Coxcomb*. 'A fool.' From the crest in the fool's cap.

244 *Puny* is for 'puisne,' a law term implying 'inferior in rank.' (O.F. 'puisné,' Latin 'post natus,' 'born after.')

Whipster. Originally '-ster' was the feminine suffix of agency—e.g. 'brewster,' 'tappestere' (Chaucer, 'a barmaid')—but the distinction was soon lost, and 'maltster,' 'huckster,' 'baxter' ('baker') were masculine; see note on i. 1, 24.

247 *I will play the swan.* Cf. Tennyson—

“The wild swan’s death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow.”

Also Cic. *Tusc.* i. 30, 73: “Cycni, non sine causa Apollini dicati, providentes quid in morte boni sit cum cantu et voluptate moriuntur.”

250 ‘May my soul not reach heaven, if I lie.’

253 ‘Tempered in a brook as cold as ice.’ The Toledo swords were noted. The test of excellence was that the points could be driven with a man’s full strength against a stone wall without breaking.—BORROW’S *Bible in Spain*.

264 *Stop.* Cf., “These be the stops that hinder study quite.”—*Love’s Labour’s Lost*, i. 1, 70.

267 *Butt.* (Like French *bout*, from *bouter*, ‘to strike.’) From same root as *beat*.

270 *Man.* Interpreted by Johnson to mean point. Perhaps—manage, ‘to handle.’

273 *Smock.* From an A.S. word, meaning to *creep into*; anything put on over the head. From same root we have *smug* (properly, *dressed*), *smuggle*.

Compt. ‘Judgment.’

280 *Gulf.* From a corruption of ‘κόλπος,’ ‘sinus.’

287 ‘To see if he has cloven feet.’

290 *Sense.* ‘Opinion.’

292 *Practice.* ‘Stratagem.’ Cf., “The practice of it lives in John the Bastard.”—*Much Ado*, iv. 1, 190.

313 *Gross.* ‘Unseemly.’

328 *Hurt him.* ‘Was his ruin.’

332 *For.* ‘As for.’

342 *Extenuate.* ‘Palliate.’

343 *Set down.* ‘Exaggerate.’

345 *Wrought.* ‘Worked upon.’ Some commentators needlessly puzzled by the ‘base Indian’ read Judæan, and refer to Herod and Mariamne.

352 *Aleppo*, in Syria.

355 *Period.* ‘End.’

361 *Hounds of Sparta* are several times alluded to in Shakspeare (*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, iv. 1, 119, 124, 132); but what is meant here is probably the Spartan sternness of character.

362 *Fell.* (Cf. felon.) ‘Destructive.’ “Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago, such as any man must and would have entertained who had believed Iago’s honesty as Othello did.”—S. T. COLERIDGE.

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